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THE
John McClenahan Folk

79166

BY
JOHN McCLENAHAN HENDERSON *



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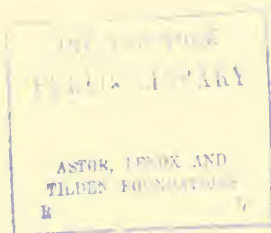
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JOHN McCLENAHAN.



MARY (URIE) McCLENAHAN.

PREFACE

Not until some time after the last of the thirteen children of that doughty Irish immigrant couple, John and Mary McClenahan, had passed away, at a very advanced age, as also the last of those who had married into the family, did it seem to occur to any of their posterity that a plain record of the plain folk should be put in plain form for permanent use. Gradually those ancestors grew on us in their old age and after their going. There was a general agreement that there was more to them than we had supposed, and the desire to know more about them was increasingly expressed here and there. At length the writer was requested by his cousin, Mrs. Anna Anderson Fisher, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to undertake the work. Effort was made to induce some other member of the clan to undertake it, partly for permanent and essential reasons, and partly because of the writer being now a traveling fill-in man in the ministry, without the conveniences of a fixed abode; but eventually it came back, and he promised that, though limited in time, strength and convenience, he at least would try to gather material.

This gathering of material has been an immeasurably greater task than it would have been a dozen or fifteen

years ago, when some of the second generation—counting the immigrant couple as the first—were still living. Some of them could have told everything. Uncle Robert McClenahan was especially rich in ancestral lore. But aside from some memoranda jotted down from his lips by kindred for private use, his knowledge, like that of all the others, was buried with him. Back of the later '40's, to which my early childhood memory extended, of real knowledge I had next to none, only a few misty traditions of old-time chat. And the same was true of the other kindred generally. But by gathering little bits here and there from Bible family records, from memory of kindred as to what the fathers and mothers had said, in some cases from direct knowledge of the older cousins, as also from a few others, and by following revelations from clue to clue, perhaps there is success in framing a somewhat correct history. Only somewhat, for even approximate infallibility is disclaimed.

It is not the aim to glorify the prominent ones of the kinship to the neglect of the others. A number have become distinguished in high service. But they, and their pictures, too, as reproduced often in the public prints, have become quite familiar, and there is the less occasion for dwelling on their record. Others not less worthy have lived and died in comparative obscurity, the gold of their character revealed to those nearest them by the fire of their trials. One case illustrates. In a windswept cemetery far out in Kansas, in a narrow house marked by plain though substantial headstone, sleeps all that is mortal of one, Mrs. Nancy E. McClenahan Blackwood, who, in the wifehood and motherhood of pioneer struggle, adorned with high purpose and en-

deavor her humble sphere, and has left with family and neighbors a name as of ointment poured forth. She and such as she have been more representative of our folk and not less entitled to our homage than have been the most distinguished, as those most distinguished would be the foremost to recognize.

There is no regret at what some would regard as the unfavorable surroundings in which our work has been done, not in fully equipped "study," but mainly in country homes in the midst of family circles. It was not a misfortune but a blessing that much of it was in a beloved Kansas farm home, in dining-room, with mainly a deep windowsill of the stone house for writing desk, and, for company, delightful Edith, of two and a half, on knee, and eager schoolboy Herbert, happily far from silent at his lessons, at my side. For of such was the kingdom whose reproduction was attempted, except that in our ancestral homes there were whole rooms full of children instead of only two.

Thanks are due to the many who have kindly helped, encouraged and been patient. Mainly they were of the clan, but not wholly so. Of course, Rev. Dr. A. G. Wallace, the all-'round urbane helper, was looked to for help, and, of course, not in vain. Mrs. Bernice B. McIlhinny, previously unknown to me, of Germantown, Pa., only survivor, with possibly one exception, of grandmother McClenahan's collateral kindred of second generation, gave most cordial and valuable help, as did also Henry McCreary, M. D., of New Concord, Ohio, the latter mainly by furnishing some priceless letters nearly seventy-four years old. These letters, be it added, not only threw light on an important period of our history,

but unconsciously revealed an ideal integrity and dignity of Christian character on the part of the ancestral McCrearys in connection with some estate and other matters.

While the write-up of the old set was the main thing in view, it has been attempted to record statistics of all the posterity, so far as possible, down to the last baby. And, believing in the oneness of husband and wife, the record is given not only of those born into the stock but of those who have married into it and thus have contributed to its life.

Many have been the delays postponing the publication far beyond all thought. These delays have come from personal limitations, kinship sickness and bereavement, difficulty in some cases in securing data, and other causes. The regret at such delay is accentuated by the fact that since the first draft of the genealogical tables six mentioned therein have passed away.* And some of them had greatly desired to see the record. How many more will pass away before the book is issued?

For manifest and abounding imperfections, the large forbearance thus far freely given is joyously and gratefully anticipated.

Traer, Iowa, Feb., 1911.

* Since increased to nine. See postscript.

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The John McClenahan Folk

Our knowledge of our ancestral McClenahan stock reaches back a much shorter distance than does the knowledge of many other stocks in this country, prominently those of New England, and **Ancestry.** even such as our related Wallace stock. Back of John and Mary, joint head of our American line, we know next to nothing. Back of 130 years, so short a time, all is mist, with scarcely a suggestion of human form. Possibly researches by some one hereafter in the Ireland home land may reveal something farther, but this is all now. Happily, with the ever-increasing official provision for the preserving of life statistics, such a condition hereafter will scarcely be possible anywhere. Coming generations will have full data for official knowledge of their forbears.

We know that John McClenahan was born in Ireland, probably in the neighborhood in which he was reared—Banbridge or Rathfriland, County Down—of Scotch-Irish ancestry, Oct. 29, 1780. We do not so much as know his father's given or mother's maiden name. He was the only child of a second marriage of both parents. His mother's name, by previous marriage, was Mrs. Carson.

A curiosity must remain ungratified as to who or what she and her people were, especially in view of the more **Our Patriarch's** than possibility that we are indebted at least **Mother.** as much to her stock as to her McClenahan husband's for whatever of good in race character has been among us. The evidence for this is far from conclusive, but it is suggestive and worth giving.

John McClenahan, with no full brothers or sisters, had a number of half brothers and sisters, including at least three half brothers and a half sister on his father's side and a half sister on his mother's. Two Wallace brothers, Samuel and David, married each a half sister, Ellen McClenahan and Margaret Carson. The large descendant stocks of both are well and favorably known in this country, and it is no disparagement to the worthy stock descended from Samuel Wallace and Ellen McClenahan to say that the stock descended from David Wallace and Margaret Carson, including such as Rev. Dr. William Wallace, farmer John Wallace, Rev. Dr. David Paul, Rev. Dr. David A. Wallace, Miss Eliza B. Wallace, etc., has made much the larger record. If it should so be that the difference was owing to the stocks represented by the mother heads of their respective lines—the father heads as brothers being of exactly same stock—it is one more case added to the multitudes of others in which the wife, in bringing her precious contribution to the life partnership, sinks her stock as well as her name in behalf of those of her husband. It seems a pity except as it is always more blessed to give than to receive. And it is beautiful with the supernal beauty of woman's self-effacement. Now at last we Wallace and McClenahan descendants of that unknown mother of Margaret Carson

Wallace and John McClenahan can make some amends by laying our belated spray of green on the grave of some other woman of like record, in memory of her to whom and to whose "breed" we likely are indebted beyond all estimate.

It might be mentioned that the names of those two half sisters of our patriarch, Ellen McClenahan and Margaret Carson, have been perpetuated worthily in the names of two of his daughters, Mrs. Ellen Anderson and Mrs. Margaret Carson Watson, as also the latter in the name of a granddaughter, Mrs. Margaret Carson Kyle.

Of the maternal ancestry of our line we know a little more. John McClenahan took to wife Mary Urie, oldest daughter of Robert Urie, farmer. Quite possibly the reader will join the writer Urie Ancestry. in being surprised and greatly interested in learning that the Urie name is Huguenot, which means usually much for good. The wide scattering of the Huguenots from France by persecution for religious principle was one of the important and helpful migrations of the later centuries, and the beneficent effects are visible the world over. Sharing in the inheritance, we likely will be the more interested in re-reading old Huguenot history, even though we thereby learn that it wasn't as wholly good as supposed. Of course, however, before the opening of our history the Huguenot stock had become mixed, perhaps largely, with others, prominently Celtic Scotch-Irish. The mother of our ancestress was a Gillespie, a name reputedly Highland Scotch-Irish, though we are not so sure about it, for it sounds smooth enough to represent some speech old enough to have the rough gutturals—apparently primal in all languages—worn off like the

Huguenot, but unlike our Celtic Scottish speech. Anyhow, the Urie line was doubtless a mixed one, and the better therefor, when it became merged with the McClenahan. The few glimpses of that time indicate that the Uries were a substantial, esteemed and somewhat prominent farmer folk. Mary Urie was born at an unknown date in 1779, and thus was a year or more older than her husband, a case of wife seniority repeated somewhat frequently in the posterity.

The marriage was in March, 1800, when the groom was less than nineteen and a half years old, the bride a **The Patriarchal** year or so older. That seems to us a very **Marriage.** youthful marriage. But reading confirms memory as to marriages being increasingly youthful as we go backward in history. In 1600 the General Assembly of the Scottish Church decreed: "Forsameckle as diverse inconveniences aryses daylie by the untymeous marieing of young and tender persons before they come to age meet for mariage, it is ordained that no minister joine in matrimonie any person except the man be fourteen years cf age and the woman twelve compleit at the least." Evidently, prior to that time, child-marriage was as common as yet in the Orient. However, it is a tradition, a "leg-end," as an intelligent Scottish neighbor used to pronounce legend*, that the groom's father took the boy to task in good old Irish style for his folly, the only redeeming feature in his view being that the Uries, including Mary, were good folk, and it is a farther part of the

* No objection to that pronunciation or to the thing itself, for it is from the early leg-ends, often of the good No. 12 McClenahan size, that history uprises in its full McClenahan six-foot height. Myths or legends are a valued part of any peoples' life. "Mankind has never lost its capacity for weaving myths or its inborn love for them."

leg-end that the boy was duly penitent. Doubtless it *was* foolish to marry so young, and yet it is remarkable how many foolish things turn out exceedingly well. And this is not the only case in our McClenahan history. Let us rejoice in this folly of "our first parents," who didn't "fall," either, and then proceed to frown on all our youngsters who propose to imitate them instead of going to the now prevalent opposite extreme of delaying marriage till all the juices of life are dried up.

Of the twelve years intervening prior to the migration to America in 1812 we know next to nothing relating to the young couple. John was a weaver, and, Early Married Life. judging from his subsequent attainments in history, theology, etc., he doubtless was like the weaver class with few exceptions in Scotland and Ireland, in giving much time to reading and thought. Hand weaving is like knitting, in making small demands on the active mind, and many have been the cases of one part weaver and several parts theologian or philosopher. In advanced years, when he at times resumed his weaving, we are told that, when at the loom, he kept his book at his side, at which book he would take a bite betimes and then chew and digest to the music of the loom. So, doubtless, in earlier years. And doubtless, too, in those earlier years, his Mary exhibited that rich, kindly, humorous tact in gaining her point and at the same time having quiet fun therewith, which we will have occasion to mention in connection with her later life. It was probably to that period, though possibly later, that the story belongs of her wash-day routings of her student husband when oblivious of all else but his books. Family washings were at much longer intervals than now, and

thus were larger affairs, and it is a "leg-end" that when, in the weaver's wee cot, she would be washing in primitive drudgery fashion, and he, wrapt in his books, would be in her way, she at times would so place the full tub as that by unfortunate accident—och, too bad intoirely—its sudden overturning would send him scurrying.

Beginnings of Family. In these twelve years the first six children came to the home. The first and sixth died young. (See genealogical tables.)

How the attention was first turned seriously to America as a future home we know not. The Irish migration thither was already quite considerable. In **Ho! for America.** the previous nineties three brothers of the Wallace family, prominent in the neighborhood, had already migrated, viz., John Wallace, grandfather of our well-known Rev. Dr. A. G. Wallace, and two younger brothers, Samuel and David, who had married half sisters of our patriarch; also William McClenahan, half brother of the latter.

The subsequent history of this half brother and of his posterity, if any, has been lost, despite the many and long-continued efforts to rescue it—perhaps **The Lost Brother.** hopelessly lost. It is reported that he went early to Rome, N. Y., but there the trace, if trace it be, ends. Dr. D. A. McClenahan, when pastor in New York City, found a cultivated gentleman, a McClenahan, who, he thought, might be of the descent. When cousin Eliza B. Wallace was at Knoxville, Tenn., as matron in the college there (colored), she thought she had found a trace of the stock. There were a number of McClenahan students, negroes, from Virginia, and with the old McClenahan names—Robert, James, William, etc. In

her laconic way she joked about her student kindred. It is possible the lost William or some of his descendants may have become slave-owners, and thus have given, as usual, their names to their servants. But this is mere conjecture. The suggestion has been renewed recently that the McClanahans, variously prominent, only a letter different in spelling, may be of the descent, but if so Dr. D. A. Wallace, in his long and intimate association with good General McClanahan and family at Monmouth, Ills., would have figured it out. Anyhow, there are said to be people of both names, doubtless originally one, in the same part of Ireland. One report has it that William showed prodigal tendencies, though of this there is no assurance. If so, he the more possibly may have thrown his life away early, leaving no posterity and no possibility of tracing. The losing of kindred in those days of very small and expensive mail facilities was much more common than now, and thus the disappearance is not surprising.

How much the disappearance may have had to do with the migrating of John and family we will never know; but it may have been an inducement, with hope of finding the long lost. It is likely, however, that the Wallaces had more to do with the coming, not by direct effort but rather by their example. He came first to the home of one of them, in the original Pennsylvania settlement of all three, and later to the newer Ohio neighborhood of another, thus suggesting their influence. And John's extensive reading and his regard for free and advancing institutions would likely figure largely in the case. Anyhow, he resolved to come.

And such resolve meant his coming. There are traditions as to the opposition thereto on the part of kindred, but opposition in vain. “Weel, if ye must go, leave the childer. Thae Indians, bears, wolves and fearfu’ sarpents, ye canna ’bide them; ye will come back. By lavin the bairns ye will save cost of passage baith ways. If ye should stay ye can come for them, or we can send them wi’ someone else.” But lave the bairns he wadna. Yet even the most uncompromising, full of the old doctrine as to the sin of compromises, do compromise at times, and so it came to pass that of his four children—two of each sex, ranging from near ten to near four in age—one of each was left behind. It was at first planned to leave the two older, David and Jane, but at almost the last moment it was thought better to bring Jane, then past eight, as being more helpful than Mary Ann, only six and a half. The wisdom of the change was soon and abundantly vindicated in the help, and the ultimate outcome, especially in America, as seen in the posterity record, is beyond estimate. The two left behind were well provided for by our patriarch’s bachelor half brother James, who, with his abounding wealth, cared for them with ideal bachelor spirit as for his own.

The history of the two remaining in Ireland may as well be given here, viz.: David, approaching ten, and Mary Ann, over three years younger, choice ages for company to each other and to their bachelor uncle and for entrance to the innermost sanctuary of his big Irish heart. Their names are in one thing suggestive. There was an earlier Mary—the first born—and a later David, the name in each case repeated

on account of death of first owner thereof. Such a repetition is seldom if ever known now. David died in his eighteenth year when being educated for the ministry. Some letters to the parents from him and from Mary Ann, the latter in fine old script, almost as beautiful as copperplate, are among the priceless heirlooms in possession of J. H. McClenahan, until recently of the old Ohio McClenahan neighborhood. Mary Ann married a Hugh Dalzell, who became a wealthy merchant at Newry, Ireland. Like two of her sisters, she never had children. Her father went back at least twice—some say thrice—on a visit. We are not certain whether even one of those visits—certainly not more than one—was before David's death. Of only one, perhaps the last, do we know the time, viz.: one extending from late summer or early fall of '37 to February, '38. No inducement of letter or visit was sufficient to bring over either of the children, much more comfortable there than they could have been here, and, of course, estranged measurably by long absence from the parent family. Mary Ann did not entirely please her father on his visits. Seemed a little ashamed of his American rustic habit and proposed the services of a tailor. And worse, as a wrong to his sacred principles, she proposed a Sabbath "saunter" with him! He returned somewhat displeased. In her advanced years she corresponded very nicely with one or more nieces on this side, at least with my sister Mary, her letters giving proof of a higher and more finished education than that afforded any of the sisters on this side. Grateful for invitations to visit this side, she declined on the ground of strong dislike to ocean travel. She died when about sixty-eight—death caused, according to

report, by softening of the brain. One story has it that her kind bachelor uncle gave her his property, while an older tradition, that of uncle Robert McClenahan, has it that he gave it to the Martin grandsons of his brother Andrew. Quite possibly the truth is found in a combination of these statements, and that, having provided abundantly for Mary Ann, he gave the rest, aside from gifts to charitable objects, to the Martins. Or possibly, in some way, she and her uncle had had a rale ould Irish stew. A tradition has it that her husband got his start for his wealth from her uncle's gifts to her, and that, being childless, she always said her people should be her heirs. If so, she missed it. Nothing ever came. As she never crossed to this side, so, aside from her father, none of the family on this side ever crossed over. Accordingly, six born on this side and living to advanced years could say they had a full sister of advanced years they had never seen. And none of the line have visited Ireland and the kindred there, except the late Rev. Dr. D. A. Wallace, perhaps his son, John F. Wallace, when on civil engineering errands to Europe, very recently Rev. Mac H. Wallace, and likely some of the McClenahan missionaries in Egypt when in transit.

Perhaps we should give here the remaining record of the half brothers in Ireland. June 1, '37, John McCreary "The Last of the Mohawks." wrote his brother George in America: "Mr. James McClenahan, of Newry, died in the latter end of May, leaving behind him a vast wealth, part of which he has left to charitable purposes. His friends (kindred) here I understand will be a great deal better of him, and also his friends in America." The writer was mistaken as to the "friends in America."

Nothing came. It is hoped that never a pang came to anyone as the result of this failure to materialize, or the later one mentioned above. In September, '46, the same John McCreary wrote his American brother of the death of Andrew McClenahan. He likely was the last of the parent McClenahan family in Ireland.

Returning to the main narrative, the young family of parents and two children sailed from Warrenpoint, Ireland, May 10, 1812, on the good ship Stand-
ard, a brigantine, the last vessel to cross to

The Flitting.

the United States before the opening of the War of 1812. Of the incidents of the slow voyage by sail little can now be recovered. Robert, then the child of four, reported in old age that there were many interesting circumstances connected with the voyage, but of what they were there is now almost no knowledge, only a few traditions. One has it that the sailors induced the wee boy to furnish them some dried fruit from the family store, another that they inveigled through him some bottles of wine for which they paid him sugar lumps. Evidently those sailors knew how to work the guileless child, and doubtless had hilarious fun over it. We shall not criticise them in view of what we have learned of the coarse and scanty fare, floggings, and all brutality of the sailor life of those times. We can afford them a little fun even at our ancestral expense.

Did the family have company? Interesting events to be mentioned farther on make this an important question. Long-continued inquiry fails to reveal any
company except that of a George McCreary,
then a young unmarried man. His son, Henry Mc-
Creary, M. D., long and variously connected with Musk-

*How About
Company?*

ingum College, father of Rev. Prof. McCreary, of Cooper College, Kansas, thinks his father's part of the journey ended at Philadelphia, near which city he found work for some time before moving westward. The McClenahan family seems thus to have braved the trials of the long journey almost alone, part of it wholly so.

In an old family Bible in possession of J. H. McClenahan is a record, brown, torn, worn, a slice gone, **Family Bible Record.** scribbled over by children (let us rejoice that the children of a former generation as well as now knew the joys of scribbling everywhere), written by our patriarch, telling the story of the migration from Ireland to Washington County, Pa. If Pierpont Morgan had it as a record of his ancestry, he wouldn't take millions for it. And neither will we! Here it is, minus the fading, the scribbling, the old penmanship, and other priceless accessories, but with the old-time spelling mainly retained. The triangular portion torn off leaves the record fragmentary, but the reader, with a suitable map before him, will find the deciphering easy and very interesting:

"John McClenahan and family sails from Warrenpoint on board the ship Standard, Sabbath, May 10, 1812. Arrives safe in New York, June 17. His wife Mary delivered of a daughter Saterdag, June 20. Sails for Philadelphia . . . Arrives Wednesday, July 1st. Views the . . . of American independence celebrated on Saterdag . . . ts off for Pittsburgh, July 6. Passes through the . . . West Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Oxford, . . . erset, Franklin, Westmoreland, Allegheny . . . at William Barbers', July 23. Laves William Barbers' . . . to Samuel Wallace's, Washington County, Aug. 6."

That will bear study. Between the first two dates, the arrival in New York, June 17, and the birth, June 20, insert a date from American history, viz.: the American declaration of war, June 18, and then do some reasonable imaginings. The passions and the hoarse roar of war in the city so strange to the immigrant family, a war between the country of the old home and that of the home not yet reached or known, trying to the entire family, must have been specially so to the tender-spirited mother under the circumstances. She could not know where that war would strike or how soon it might strike them—could not possibly forecast the fact that it would not strike them at all. With her, with apparently no woman acquaintance for company, and in such surroundings, the trials of maternity, great in any case, must have reached well nigh their greatest. Quite possibly hers would be the old Hebrew utterance: "I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war," and no wonder tradition reports her greatly alarmed and longing for her old home. And the next date is scarcely less striking. It means the arrival at Philadelphia, when the baby was eleven days old, after a roundabout sail likely requiring fully half that time. The 4th of July celebration would be a novelty to the immigrants, though to John McClenahan, doubtless a full American in spirit long before his coming, it would be a pleasing novelty. Then the long overland journey to western Pennsylvania begun when the baby was but sixteen days old. How that journey, now of a few hours, but then of seventeen days, was made we can little more than guess. It was long before the advent not only of the railroad but even of

the canal, and likely even of the stage coach for that region. It probably was by some combination freight wagon arrangement. A study of the map shows the route to have been, most of the way, along the south tier of Pennsylvania counties. It led through the county, and quite possibly through the village, Gettysburgh, immortalized fifty-one years later by one of the greatest battles of history. Amid forests primeval, amid wild scenes, near haunts of serpents and wild animals, with evidence everywhere of newness, and yet amid scenes already historic, the young family of five journeyed that long, weird dreamy journey of seventeen days, or rather of fifteen, after counting out the two Sabbaths on which they assuredly would rest according to the commandment. The rate, twenty-four or twenty-five miles per day, suggests some slow method of travel. At length, kindred, the Barbers, were reached at Pittsburgh, where, as a little later at the home of Samuel Wallace, in Washington County, the immigrants and their hosts would fill all available time with talk of the old and the new, and of that divine Providence always both old and new.

There is no intimation that the baby or her mother suffered at all by the rude, rough journey. It beats all

That Baby. how babies born in Lucknow sieges, San Francisco earthquake camps, or circumstances like these, turn up usually in such good shape with so few fatalities to themselves or their mothers. We suspect that, as with the rest of human kind, as we increasingly are learning, such hardships are not really as hard as are those furnished by close, stuffy housing.

Be it added that that baby with that history occupied a central position in the family. She by birth was the

seventh, sacred seventh, six Irish preceding, six Buckeyes following, while she, born an American, but by stockmen's count imported, represented two continents. Her birth was by the month just eleven years after the first and a very little over eleven years before the last. She certainly represented the family, and her signs beat the starry combination of any old-time astrologer.

Be it added that that baby was the writer's mother, and he will be pardoned for his dwelling thus on this piece of the family history as also for saying with the Irish orator, "If it hadn't been for my mother I wouldn't have been here before you!"

The home of Samuel Wallace seems to have been in the Robinson Run region, southwest of Pittsburgh, whither the aforementioned three Wallace brothers had come from Ireland in the previous nineties. How long the immigrant family remained in that community it is impossible now to say definitely, the traditions ranging from three months upward. It must have been not over a year and a half, since the next child, Ellen, was born, nineteen months later, in the next home in Ohio. We know nothing of the work, plans or experiences of the Robinson Run sojourn, though we may be sure of a struggle with limited means and conveniences, of much delightful fellowship with the Wallaces, of much reading, and of large interest in the always dominating matters of theology and the church.

The next removal was to New Athens, Ohio, a few days' journey westward, a small village, long the seat of Franklin College, a small but useful institution with an excellent record. This was before the college was fully founded, though there are

Robinson Run
Sojourn.

The New Athens
Flitting.

evidences of college work being already done by the founder, Rev. John Walker. There, in some way, likely through the intervention of David Wallace, husband of his maternal half sister, who had moved to Ohio about the beginning of the century, the immigrant became postmaster and ran a small grocery in connection, while the family, at least part of the time, kept a few boarders. Mention is made of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Wilson, of Xenia, Ohio, having come as a mere boy from the former Robinson Run neighborhood and being a student boarder with the family, and of some specially trying circumstance leading throughout life to his special regard for his motherly hostess.

To the simple life at New Athens the earliest definite traditions of our folk belong, traditions furnished mainly
 New Athens Traditions. by Mrs. Mary A. Wallace Henderson, recently deceased, oldest daughter of John McClenahan's oldest daughter. Of course, neither the postoffice business nor that of the little store was large, and the income, including the little from keeping boarders and perhaps from occasional weaving, would be small, affording a bare livelihood. But it afforded some amusing incidents. Of course, the advanced and cheapened conveniences of the United States mail were unknown. A bachelor, rich for those days, brought in a letter to be mailed to Ireland, and proposed to pay the postage with accompanying goose eggs. Jane, postmaster's oldest daughter, still a mere lass, strong with the rare strength that was always hers, helpful in the specially trying experiences of the long immigrant journey, and now helpful in the Ohio home with its increasing flock, had yet time for the seeings and doings of the postoffice and

store, and—so her daughter reports—“thought them great fun.” Sure. A mere chunk then, the rich humor that characterized her throughout life, the quick perception of the oddities of the human animal, was already in abundant evidence, her straight face the while giving no sign. Her eyes were given her for seeing, and she saw, never maliciously, but with never an omission of a humorous situation, in that store or elsewhere, and her memory pinned it for life. That rich bachelor wanted her later. But she remembered the goose eggs.

The New Athens life continued, it is thought, about five years. The succession of events following is somewhat cloudy. We know that prior to the The Wheeling Creek Life. removal a day's journey southwestward to the Fairview neighborhood, where was their permanent home, the family lived a while on or near Wheeling Creek, near the present village of Shepherdstown, close neighbors to the beloved and helpful David Wallace family. But one apparently reliable tradition has it that there were two removals to Fairview, that on their first removal they found society too wild and bad, returned, and then later, with others of their own kind accompanying, they tried it again and remained. Likely it was in the interval between these two removals that they lived on or near Wheeling Creek, David Wallace being again their helper in finding a place for them.

This close fellowship with the David Wallace family was a most enjoyable one. Differing in characteristics, but of one mind and heart in the great mat- David and Jonathan. ters, they were a new David and Jonathan, going to the house of God in company, sharing in the ministrations of Rev. Dr. William Taggart of precious

memory, living in reverent, intelligent harmony, rearing together their families of Rooseveltian size in the fear and service of God.

And yet let no one think it was a sort of "solemn-choly" life, that of those Scotch-Irish families. It was human enough, and at times lively enough, for anybody. The only event we can positively assign to the Wheeling Creek life was a runaway, though a number of others belong either to that time or the earlier part of the long Fairview time.

It seems that an Andrew Paul, a young Irishman, had made David Wallace's a sort of home, that he and David's daughter Nancy appeared to take

The Runaway a notion to each other, but that somehow David didn't like the young man and the prospect of having him for son-in-law, and sent him off. One evening David and his wife were at John McClenahan's, "sitting till bedtime" in the good old way, when word came that Andrew and Nancy had played the slip and gone to the squire and got married. The oldest McClenahan granddaughter, granddaughter indeed of both those doughty Irishmen, implies the sequel in her inquiry and statement, "Wouldn't it be fun to see those old fellows hurry off with their wagon whips? But it was no use. Grandfather Wallace concluded it was too late and they would better make the best of it." Wouldn't it be fun indeed? And that question of the granddaughter, not born till long after, shows she was her mother's daughter, for to Jane, the chunk in the McClenahan home, the treat would be richer than peaches and cream, though likely her face would be straight as anybody's and her hand and heart as helpful as any-two-body's. And, of course,

it was David rather than John that concluded it was too late for pursuit. With some important provisos, John might have been pursuing yet! The granddaughter mistakes, however, in calling them old fellows. Grandfather McClenahan could hardly have been forty. The sequel? The good old one. They made up, and both the Wallace and the young Paul families moved ere long, as did also the McClenahans, to the new Fairview settlement, where they lived together most happily, worshipping together in the same church, their bodies now resting in the same churchyard. And the Paul descent has been a marked one, including the late Rev. Dr. David Paul, Rev. R. A. Paul, Mrs. President Harper, of Chicago University, and others. If runaways usually turned out so well, as indeed they sometimes do, it might be well to endow them. The hearts of the young people often are nearer right than their fathers' with all their wagon whips.

It was likely about the year 1820 that the family moved to its permanent abode in the woods and among the hills, a few miles northwest of Fair-
 view, Ohio, on the east edge of Guernsey The Removal
to Fairview.
 County. Only we are not sure there was any Fairview then or for long thereafter. Neither do we know when "the turnpike," the splendidly built national road, extending as a long hole right through the then deep forests, and with such fine results, and passing through Fairview and close to the new McClenahan home, was built, but likely not until much later. It was strictly pioneer life, that of the new Irish settlement. The country was new, and its whole physical, intellectual and moral life was in the making. A hard and worthy life it was, that of

carving new farms out of the great woods and carving a worthy civilization out of the raw and mixed material, and bravely they went at it. Early in the new home life the two youngest of the family were born, and the family size was complete—eight boys and girls at home, one in Ireland (for about the time of the Fairview removal the student boy in Ireland passed away, and his name, David, by a beautiful sentiment, was given to the new boy who soon came to the cabin), three gone before in Ireland and one in the recent Wheeling Creek neighborhood—thirteen in all. And we shall not shy at that number so long as we remember that there are thirteen prose doxologies in the New Testament Epistles—count 'em and see—and there were thirteen other doxologies, and loud ones, in that McClenahan home.

Those Scotch-Irish immigrants were true followers of Abraham in erecting an altar at every new abode.

**The Family
and Church
Altars.**

The home altar was in the Fairview homes, and provision was soon made for a worthy church altar. Accordingly, the Fairview congregation was organized in 1821. Whether or not grandfather was one of the original elders we cannot learn, but he certainly was one of the early ones. In 1824 Samuel Findley, eminent in the ministry, began his strong pastorate of Fairview and some neighboring congregations of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Under his leading the foundations of a sturdy and abiding church life, abounding in doctrine and in reverent, vigorous service, were deeply laid, a life which has multiplied and is still multiplying in many far-off places, not only in America but abroad.

Ere long there came the old and ever new mystery

of love-making, mating, and eager making of new homes. Mainly and happily the matings were with sturdy farm folk of known and tested stock, and always of same faith and general standing and character as the home family, vigorous and young men and women. The cabin door swung outward first, in '25, for Jane, who, as oldest in the family, had borne in combined faithfulness and humor her large share of the family burden, and now went forth in fellowship with her half cousin and long-time neighbor, John Wallace, to begin the new Wallace line with its remarkable record. The next was Robert, 1831. Then Nancy, '32, followed by Ellen, '36; Margaret, '37 or '38; James, '42; Rachel, '47, while David II was left to dance in the hog trough until, at the then bachelor age of thirty-two, he joined the caravan in '53. Tradition gives little of the history of these honest, old-fashioned love-makings and flittings, but that little is worth while. "We understand any epoch of the world but ill if we do not examine its romance. There is as much truth in the poetry of life as in its prose."

Marrying and
Giving in
Marriage.

In the commingled romance and reality of the courting, mating and home-making, with the lights and shadows thereof, life then was much what it is now and what it was when Isaac and Jacob would a-wooing go, only with a difference in detail. Aunt Jane, rosy, robust, abounding in humor and in beaus, had likely her full share of romantic experiences. Her declining the proffered hand of the rich goose-egg bachelor has already been mentioned, but that was a minor event. Few of our readers can recall the ancient log cabin with its low ceiling and great, wide

Yarns of Love
and Marriage.

fireplace crowned with low chimney of splits and clay. Grandfather was stern as Mt. Sinai in views and rules as to suitable company for his five daughters in America. No idle, graceless chaps for him, and none, either, who could not "take the books and go about worship" with its very protracted service of singing, reading and prayer, sometimes amid the almost bloody sweats of the beau. And no late hours. One night Jane and a beau heard her father coming from his bedroom with evident signs of wrath. His coming was in such direction as to cut off retreat through the cabin door. But Jane was equal to the situation. She motioned the beau to the chimney, up and out which he went, with possibly imaginable results to person and clothes. And Jane, ready to help either her father or the beau, and loving one and perhaps both, had a treat. Quite possibly it was on her part a put-up job, with not a shadow of malice to anyone.

Naturally the writer knows more concerning Nancy, his mother, and her courtship and marriage than concerning any of the others, and for that
Cupid in Log Schoolhouse. reason alone, not because of inherent importance, mentions more. When a wee girl, attending school at the old-fashioned log schoolhouse on Wheeling Creek, a big boy of the high benches, over seven years her senior, cast eye on the child of black eye and hair on a front bench and resolved to have her. Soon the McClenahans moved out of the neighborhood, and the winsome child was lost to the sight but happily not to the memory or dreams of the swain. Ten or a dozen years later, when he had completed his college course and was entering on that of the theological seminary,

he thought her now old enough and himself far enough advanced in his studies for renewal of acquaintance.

So he went horseback to the home of elder John Lindsey, of Londonderry congregation, a few miles from the McClenahans, explained the situation **Search for Hid** frankly to the elder, and asked to be taken **Treasure.** to the home of his dreams, and, of course, the request was promptly granted. Who wouldn't be a John Lindsey in such a case? They rode over horseback in the afternoon, and there was no difficulty at all in being persuaded to abide the night. After retiring, Lindsey asked the theologue which was the girl, and the pained answer was that it couldn't be either one, there surely must be another. Next morning at the table Lindsey—yes, sure it would be Lindsey—asked about the family: "And are these all the girls?" "No, there is one more, Nancy. She went yesterday to a neighbor's and will be back this morning." Of course, they waited. The sequel is easily guessed. Now, isn't that story of quest for better than golden fleece fit for place alongside the courtship of Isaac, Jacob or Boaz? Suggestive, indeed, of Samuel's search in Jesse's family for king was this in John's for queen. Love blind? Not always. Often it outvisions the eagle or the X-ray. And, as sure as you live, a good wife is from the Lord, as that same theologue had exultant faith to the last day of his long life, and when the Lord sends an elect girl to her predestined place as such good wife he is apt to move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. A year or two later, when someone bantered "Jim" with some of the old questions, he answered, that yes, at such a time, he was going to marry one of John McClenahan's girls; and

thus misled the inquirer by telling the exact truth. The wedding dress, made with characteristic care and neatness of stitch by her own hand, was for some purpose placed on a line or bush outside, where an old sow found and ruined it. Her mother's counsel, "Save your tears for real trials," was well remembered by her ever after and used for the benefit of others. As was often done then, she borrowed a wedding dress, the one proffered by her brother Robert's bride of a year. The wedding journeys and processions, as for long afterward, were horseback, and were apt to be the victims of rude trick-players. In the case of Nancy's wedding, or infare, the horses, when wanted, were all found to have had their tails clipped clean, only the stubs remaining. Of course, there was a funny man in the party. His mount, after clipping, was the worse looking of any, but whenever passing a group of spectators he would canter around with abounding and amusing airs.

Partly through that marriage all three of the marriages of the younger sisters came. Ellen, next younger, well

One String

Pulls Three.

reputed for beauty and graces, visited Nancy in the backwoods of her husband's first pastorate in southern Indiana, and was found and captured by John Anderson, a worthy young farmer of the congregation. Later, the next younger sister, Margaret, visited both her Indiana sisters, and was found by another worthy young man, William Watson, of the same congregation. Later, after the Indiana pastorate had been exchanged for an Ohio one, a county's breadth from the old Fairview home, the youngest sister, Rachel, visited the preacher home and was duly found by Wil-

lison B. White, a young farmer and teacher of the neighborhood, and, to the great amusement and amid the tormentings of the parson's children, was wooed and won. Thus it came to pass that one who would be among the last in the world to make matches was the occasion in part for three. To say that the three successful young men likely took the preacher's wife as a family sample, and the second young man her sister Ellen as another sample, would show on my part undue partiality, but, strictly between us, it was likely true.

Of the courtship and marriage of the three brothers we know next to nothing beyond the fact that the brides were all found within a few miles of the Religious One- Fairview home and were all worthy. ness in Marriage. All eight of the children were, in youth, members of the parent church, and all who married into the family were of the same denomination except three, Henderson, Anderson and Watson, who were members of the closely related Associate Presbyterian Church, and their wives with them after marriage, until the union of the denominations, in 1858, into one, the United Presbyterian, after which time all lived and died in the same denomination except White, who in the last few years was in another on account of location—a oneness in religion seldom seen to the same degree in families.

And most of the new homes became in due time healthfully, happily populous. Margaret and Rachel, like their sister Mary Ann, in Ireland, never The Populous had children. But the other three sisters Nests. and the three brothers supplied in good measure the lack, the number of births to the credit of the six being successively 12, 8, 7, 9, 9, 4—49 in all. Uncle David and

Aunt Millie, beginning their family career later in life than the others, perhaps did not sing as loudly over their four, although that is an excellent number for rhyming, as did the others over their greater numbers; but they at least held their own with more modern family numbers. The first and most distinguished of the grandchildren, the late Rev. Dr. D. A. Wallace, began his career in '26, his birth followed by two others in the same family before uncle Robert began his family career. For eight years aunt Jane and uncle Robert took "year about" in bringing new joy thus to the grandparents, aunt scoring one better than uncle in bringing, one year, a pair of twins, and scoring four better in the final count. With others contributing their share, the banner year was '43, when five arrived, the first of them, however, uncle Robert's Martha Jane, passing away in about a year. From '34 to '60, inclusive, twenty-seven years, every year except four brought one or more grandchildren to the patriarchal couple, and two of those four brought great-grandchildren. And their patriarchal blessing upon their posterity brought to their knees (some brought not literally, but by letter) was likely less mixed than was that of that other patriarch, Jacob, on his posterity. To the six families Bancroft's description of pioneer Connecticut homes applied well, "If, as is said, family happiness is proportionate to family size, those Connecticut homes were among the happiest in the world, for they were as full of children as the nests are full of birds." The two sisters not thus blessed joined in the general joy, and were always ready with sisterly help, winning thus the warmest affection of all the kindred.

Of the struggles before and after these marriages we learn more in the case of the oldest son, uncle Robert, than of any of the others. As a young man, he did most of the clearing of his father's farm, and then, on marriage, cleared one for himself nearby. He worked extremely hard. He would coax or hire younger sisters to pile brush until they could count a certain number of stars, and then he would work alone, sometimes all night, burning timber that now would be of great value. He and his bride began their married life in a one-room cabin in the woods, with quilt for door, he working by the day for neighbors for a little money, and then early and late at home. His wife used to tell that when her first children were small some orator said that a boy rocked in a sugar trough had a chance to become president, and that her son Urie had that chance. The comment has been made that while he never became president, he did as well or better in leaving a magnificent quartet of sons. Though we know less respecting the home-making trials of the others of the family, we know they all struggled hard. They began poor, and none married into wealth or ease. The youngest son, David II, had his struggles mainly before marriage as a California "forty-niner."

Connected with these early struggles was one thing of mixed character calling for some comment. It related to the distillery business. The very word gives us the grue in surprise and wonder. But out with it. In those times of free, un-
 taxed, or very slightly taxed, manufacture of whiskey, grandfather and his first son-in-law, John Wallace, were in the habit of running a still at times and disposing

Pioneer
Struggles.

The Distillery
Experience.

of the product in the homes and groceries of the region. From the present standpoint, for John Wallace, ideal and advanced citizen and Christian, to so do would be even more surprising than for grandfather with his Irish antecedents. But that was still a part of the ancient time when "a farmer was considered to be well along in the world when he had become an elder and owned a stillhouse," and clear on top when boasting a son "wagging his pow in the pu'pit." But, all the same, uncle Robert, chief worker on the home farm and youngest of the three distillers, didn't like it, and at length, near time of his marriage, notwithstanding his exceptional freedom from contrariness, firmly refused to help farther. The tradition is that the others were quite vexed at his stubbornness. But he won, and the new reform soon began to spread and became permanent. And it is worthy of remark that nearly all the McClenahan posterity have been total abstainers not only from drink but from tobacco. The circumstance reminds us that moral as well as material advance must be made mainly by the young, though it is against the grain of us old chaps to say so, as also that if the Lord was so patient with our folk we too should be a little patient with others of similar antecedents.

Two or three times grandfather returned to Ireland on a visit. The itinerary was thirty-two miles horseback Returning to Padan Aram. to Wheeling, thence by stage to the sea-coast, thence by sail to destination. The trips were, of course, great occasions. Once a neighbor woman with a bump of curiosity, seeing him pass dressed in his best, was soon a caller at the McClenahan home. "Where is he going?" "Back to ould Ireland." "And will

he ride the old sorrel the whole way?" So close an observer as grandfather, so interested in public affairs, would observe many things of interest on such journeys. Among other things, we note that if he was ever inclined to return to Ireland to live, these visits settled him. One of his visits, perhaps his last, was in '37, returning the following winter. The next summer he wrote to George McCreary, his companion immigrant of twenty-five years before: "I met with much friendship everywhere, but the country was to the last degree disgusting to me, nor would I live there on any account whatever; no, not were I put in possession of a township of land. The poor live in great misery, and but few of the landowners can enjoy the comforts of life. The linen trade is gone to almost nothing, and the scenes of distress I witnessed were truly appalling. Yet many think their situation preferable to ours, nor did I take much pains to convince them to the contrary. You and I should be grateful to the kind Providence that brought us to this happy land where the voice of the oppressor is not so distinctly heard." It reminds us of what Jefferson wrote concerning Paris, when minister to France, during our War of Independence, sixty years earlier, and should abate our fault-finding at present conditions anywhere. Grandfather was doubtless an American in spirit long before he came over, and his Americanism ever grew. On his Ireland visits he remembered his family with gifts, especially of shawls and fine linen tablecloths, some of which are still prized heirlooms.

Among the memorable events of those days were the visits of uncle Francis Urie, a younger brother of grand-

mother, and his wife, of Kentucky. Uncle Francis, after his coming from Ireland, some time after the coming of our patriarchs, and after sojourning in the Pittsburgh "Uncle Francis" region, went to western Kentucky, then of and "Aunt Neechie." the backwoods and of the "dark and bloody hunting ground," where, he said, "the wickedness beggared description." There he married a local belle, Miss Bernice Bond, still known as "aunt Neechie," daughter of a wealthy slaveholder. They never had children. Uncle thus became a slaveowner, though always one of the most humane. He never sold slaves "down the river," and often bought slaves from others to save them from being thus sold, or to bring husband and wife together. He manumitted all his slaves in good season before his death, and provided bountifully for them. He was a strong Union man during the war. His wife was attractive, magnetic, untrammelled, child of fortune and yet responsive to the lure of the wild, colt of blooded stock run wild a few generations. At least once they took with them to Ohio a colored boy who with his antics furnished vast amusement to the youngsters. This must have been before the enacting of free-state personal liberty laws, so offensive to the South, which freed slaves thus brought across the border.

But the chief interest in those visits related to aunt Neechie and her collisions with grandfather, not bitter but real and amusing. Occasions were not lacking. Her whole makeup and atmosphere were different from those of the McClenahans. They strugglers, she a child of wealth; they Irish Puritans of Puritans, she cavalier of cavaliers; she a slaveholder, though a kind one, they, grandfather especially,

When Greek
Meets Greek.

hating the institution as they hated the devil. The very names suggest the wide difference, hers Bernice, theirs no such haythen names, but such good old ones as Jane and Nancy! Would all be suave? All is not suave when flint meets flint, especially if powder is near. Once, as the story goes, she continued her knitting when grandfather "took the books" for family worship, so great and sacred in the family ideal. Grandfather waited, and she continued knitting. When at last he suggested her putting it away, she with good humor replied: "Why, I'm sure I can knit and listen too." Once, when all were on their knees in family worship, she reached over to her husband and gave him a resounding smack. On one of the sacramental occasions, with their vast third-heaven solemnity, a man from some distance away, after the fashion of the time when people often went a day's journey or farther for "the occasion" in other congregations, was a guest of the McClenahans and Wallaces. On Sabbath, the high day, after the return to the John Wallace home, and after the guests' long grace at the table was over, she asked: "Jane, did you raise many turkeys this year?" Imagine that question in Paradise! And when, at the length characteristic of the times, the same guest was leading in the prayer of the evening worship, she whispered, in almost more than a whisper, to the oldest Wallace lassie, "Mary Ann, my knees are getting sore; I'm going to get up." Such things were so interesting to the younkers that the traditions thereof, such as these, live yet with more than the life of old kelpie or brownie among those hills. Be ye sure that with the younkers, despite their horror at times, she was popular, and even grandfather, deep down in his rugged heart, had

a warm place for her, though he wasn't apt to say so even to himself. And now the sequel. After the death of uncle Francis, about the close of the Civil War, some of the Kentucky kindred, "long wintering on the old man's revenue," and disappointed at his providing so bountifully for his ex-slaves and so little for them, proposed to break the will, and wrote the McClenahan kindred in Ohio about it. They promptly decided to have nothing to do with it. In '88 or '89 the then aged widow addressed a letter to her favorite McClenahan nephew, uncle Jimmie, not knowing he was dead, asking for a list of the McClenahans, stating that they had never tormented her with litigation over her husband's estate, and now she would like to leave something to them out of what remained to her. Of course, nothing ever came of it. But the whole case tastes good. She may have disliked the McClenahan strictness at times, but she honored the underlying character. Prophetic is the whole association of the two diverse types, and the outcome thereof, of that larger ideal in a larger time when the best of Puritan and of cavalier will blend, as indeed they have blended and are now blending, into something better than either.

Seldom, if ever, is grandparent better pleased with grandchild than was John McClenahan with his first grandchild, David A. Wallace. The boy's character and career suited the grandfather exactly, and the attachment was mutual. The writer has an indistinct impression of having heard long ago that David began his schoolteaching when only twelve, but has no means of verifying the impression. Others of the kindred, including his sister, Mrs. Belle Turnbull,* think

**The Harvest
of Honor.**

**The First
Grandson.**

* Wife of Rev. Richard Turnbull.

it was more likely about fifteen. Anyhow, it was when he was a ruddy youth, fit successor to the youthful ruddy David of ages ago.

Of the times and the personnel we have a glimpse in this extract from a letter of the boy teacher's oldest sister, four years younger than he, Mrs. Mary A. Debate on
Wallace Henderson: "David's first school Foreordination.
was in grandfather McClenahan's district. One of his scholars and he had a debate on foreordination. Grandfather kept him posted. The debate was at grandfather's house. I can remember it very well." Imagine a boy debate now on that subject! Indeed, it is not easy to imagine a boy having ever heard of the subject, so different is this time from that in its whole intellectual atmosphere. To-day's debate would more likely be about the income or inheritance tax or the amended football rules. And likely the change is for the better, after all, for the making of the divine mysteries a theme for rough-and-tumble debate has seldom if ever been profitable.

In this connection and on the same line it might be mentioned that somewhat later, when a student at Miami University, David wrote his uncle, Rev. A Letter in
James M. Henderson, a letter in Latin ex- Latin.
pressive of perplexities on this same subject of divine foreordination or decrees. The uncle regretfully acknowledged his own Latin rusty and answered in English.

Of a later term in the same district a most suggestive account is given by Colonel John McClenahan, uncle Robert's firstborn, now oldest surviving The Big School.
grandson,* who has the school register for
that and other terms in his possession. The account

* Since deceased. See postscript.

tells of the log schoolhouse, the slab benches without backs, the long writing desk of boards on big wooden pegs fastened in the wall, and the about seventy-five scholars taught by "little Dave." And there was next to nothing of the modern classification. And there was a class in Latin, and very likely in algebra and other higher studies. Among his scholars were his youngest McClenahan uncle and aunt, David and Rachel, one, perhaps two, of his uncle Robert's children, two cousins of his mother, (Bells), and another, afterwards kinsman by marriage, known and distinguished as the late Rev. William Johnston, D. D. The colonel writes of the teacher: "How he managed the scholars in that room with the accommodations I cannot conceive." It was by the same gifts which made him at twenty the successful president of Muskingum College, and by which, before he was thirty, he began the literal creating of Monmouth College, therein making bricks without straw, doing meanwhile immense other work. The colonel also says: "It seems remarkable that so many prominent men came from such a school and region." Not so remarkable, either, all things considered, for such anomalies have always been. Nothing in such school was for form or fad, but everything for direct results.

But fond as was the pioneer of his first grandson, the teacher and prodigy, he didn't propose that the family discipline should be relaxed on the
The First D.D. boy's behalf. Not he. The two Davids, youngest son and oldest grandson, were wont at times to play slip with the family rules as to early hours, and, belated, to climb stealthily to their bed in the loft. But once, when on the way upward, they felt the big

rod of discipline about their shins wielded in utmost vigor by the lying-in-wait disciplinarian. It was afterwards great fun to them; but no, not till the sting and the welts were gone. Thus Dr. Wallace got his first D. D. (David Disciplined) long before it came from college.

It was a little before this time, likely, that the young teacher proposed to his uncle David that they go together to Franklin College. Grandfather No Catechisms,
No College. objected that there was no use, for the latter couldn't learn his catechism, and therefore couldn't learn at college. He, however, went for a short time. Pity that some of us didn't know that catechism story during uncle David's life. What uproarious laughter it would have made at his hospitable fireside! Evidently grandfather didn't estimate his youngest son at that face value which made him in advanced years one of the most esteemed citizens Cedar Rapids, Iowa, ever had—almost revered, indeed. There are gifts beside the gift of learning catechisms.

The patriarchal home was one in which the Bible, the altar, and the Ark of the Covenant had always first place. "Whoever," says Bancroft, of the early New Englanders, "made the world as thirteen and religion as twelve was not a true child of New England." In that Ohio home religion was always as thirteen and more. While farming, grandfather, it is said, would unhitch his team at noon Saturday, see that the wood and water were in, boots and shoes greased and placed before the fireplace, every preparatory work done, and then early to bed in preparation for the religiously high day following. And here is a story which came along

a side line to the writer and which he has never been able to verify. It is likely a myth. According to the story it was found one Sabbath morning that a shoe or boot, belonging to one of the boys, had been missed in the general greasing, and gave abundant evidence of the yellow mud of the country. **The Missing Shoe.** The question came as to what was to be done. Grandmother, with her large, practical tact, was the one to whom all such questions were taken by the children, but in this case the solution was beyond her. We can think of a number of available solutions now, such as the leaving the boy at home in the circumstances. But then not a hoof was to be left behind, though the church was four miles away and the journey was mainly afoot. Grandfather was deeply immersed in his Bible or some ponderous book of theology. When, after some effort, his attention was gained, the solution came in an instant: "Awa' wi' ye and put the greased shoe in the mudhole and mak it like th' ither yin," and then back to his book.

Well, anyhow, be the story true or not, how dear to our heart is the memory of those Saturday night greasings and of the semicircle of greased shoes around the wide, open fireplace! **The Circle of Glory.** That semicircle and the other semicircle of parents, in the glad, solemn sacramental time, reaching from side to side of the pulpit, presenting children for baptism—what a complete circle of protection and glory they together made around the ark of the Lord!

Be that story true or not, here is a story that **is** true, told as no other than Dr. James **The Licentiate's Strengthening.** Duncan, of precious memory, could tell it, in an evening family worship with beautiful Bible ex-

position, at the home of the Andersons—McClenahan granddaughters—at Cedar Rapids. Going soon after licensure to preach at Fairview, he, Dr. Duncan, stayed Saturday night at grandfather's. Knowing that in his host he was to have no ordinary hearer, he was a little nervous as to his sermons next day. Before daylight Sabbath morning he was awakened by an apparent talking in the next room. At first, though kept thereby from sleeping, he paid little attention. Finally he began to listen, and still more intently on hearing his own name. It was grandfather praying for the youth who was to preach for them that day. The young man's feelings were uplifted beyond expression, his burden gone, his soul ready for his message.

Grandfather never took well to farming, so far from his training and his tastes. So largely indeed was this true that his children at times thought him The Patriarch's Retirement. lazy. His sons early took the lead, entirely to his satisfaction, while he returned to his weaving, reading and, sometimes, writing. By his planning, his second son, James, and family occupied and inherited the home farm, and the old couple made their home with them through life. We know not just when this was, but it likely came sooner or later as sequel to the marriage in '47 of Rachel, youngest and last married of the daughters.

Of this later time we have glimpses more frequent, and, increasing in frequency, because increasingly within the memory of those yet living. Mrs. Mary A. Wallace Henderson, writing of the early part of this period, says: "He spent a great deal of his time reading. He would keep his book by his side all the time." And if

we should think he was a mere bookworm, a dogmatist and ecclesiastic, a frozen mountain of hard theology, a mere Mt. Sinai of terror, we are corrected by her following touch of beauty: "I would often help **Rocks and Roses.** him wind the spools when he was weaving, and he would tell me Irish stories and sing to me. I thought it great fun." That picture of old age and young girlhood in heart fellowship is ideal. Even so, not seldom, as in Calvin's case, supposed severity of doctrine and life is relieved by traits and incidents of rare charm. Indeed, we can trust such austere men to show such charm rather than those who profess loudly the sugary things and take it out in professing, revealing by their contrasts that sweet and sour are apt to be chemically one, and that one an acid.

Prof. D. A. McClenahan, D. D., son of the James who occupied the homestead and with whom the grand-
The Divinity parents spent their declining years, gives
Fence Corner. this glimpse of the theologian's habits at a later time. "He had a favorite fence corner where he would sit by the hour poring over a favorite volume which I later learned was such as "Erskine's Sermons" or Baxter's "Saints' Rest." The margin of his "Erskine's Sermons" is filled with such notes as 'good,' 'questionable,' 'not true,' 'not strong enough.'"

Of the patriarch's interest in things religious we have abundant illustration. The above-mentioned grand-
The Lining Out daughter writes: "I remember well when
Controversy. he got the Fairview congregation to sing without lining out. It caused great commotion, but he carried his day. He sent and got Psalm books enough to supply every seat. He was very firm when he took a stand."

That requires some explanation. Fairview congregation, like all the others of the denomination represented, had been accustomed to the old Scottish way, sacred with long usage and originating in the scarcity of books and of people who could read, the lining out of one line at a time, afterwards, following sharp controversy, two lines. To this grandfather, though one of the oldest if not the oldest member of session, was strongly opposed, as now unnecessary and injurious, and he labored earnestly for its discontinuance in his congregation. His purchase of books, referred to by his granddaughter, was at a sacrifice, for he was always limited in means, and his carrying the day referred to by her could not have been at once. The first round must have ended in defeat, for her sister, Mrs. Belle Turnbull, tells of his gathering up the books and dividing them among the children families, affording them an abundant supply. But he was not to be discouraged. He subsequently won his case, though with the inevitable result, for a while, of glaring eyes, pressed lips refusing song, and, quite possibly, stride of heavy boots along resounding aisles out through slammed door. Ah, well, let us not criticize. Those zealots honestly thought they were descendants in character of her who in crowded church in Scotland's great day threw cutty stool at the dean, with the shrill question: "Will ye say mass in my lugs?" Such things, in one form or another, have always been, often serving as a useful brake on the too rapid movement of the wheels. Better turn our criticism into the inquiry—What will our descendants think of us? Anyhow, our patriarch was for his time so advanced as to give us pause with the inquiry—What would have been his course on pres-

ent questions if he had been of our time and with our environment?

Another cause in which he was specially interested was the union of the two minor Presbyterian churches, Associate and Associate Reformed, into **Struggles for Church Union.** what is now the United Presbyterian Church. He was of the Associate Reformed, as also were all his children of this country except three daughters who had married Associate Presbyterians ("Seceders"). His own branch was the more liberal of the two, and when he would go over to the neighboring village of Londonderry to talk matters with the Seceder pastor and people there, he was sometimes vexed at their apparent rigidity. And yet he labored for the union most ardently. Among other things, he sometimes wrote on the subject, as on others also, for the Preacher, modest predecessor of our United Presbyterian. When the United Presbyterian of the West, started at Monmouth the year before the union, and edited by the senior Rev. Dr. David MacDill, seemed for a time to antagonize the movement, our ecclesiastic was so indignant as to refuse for a time to take the paper from the postoffice. Grandmother, less eager, would quietly get it for her own use. The younger MacDill, on hearing of it through the always broad and tactful young president of Monmouth College, Dr. Wallace, who knew so well both his grandfather and the editor, wrote the irate subscriber jovially that he favored every kind of union, including that of young hearts, that he only wished to guard some points in the proposed union, etc. Reconciliation resulted. At length, in May, '58, the long-sought union came, with overflowing joy and with most

beneficent results. At the first communion thereafter, the patriarch's pastor, Rev. Hugh Forsythe, was assisted by the long-separated McClenahan son-in-law, Rev. James M. Henderson. The joyous solemnity was participated in by the four descendant families in the congregation—the Jane, Robert, James and David families—by the daughter Nancy, assistant's wife, and quite possibly by the youngest daughter Rachel and her husband, White, a county's breadth away. And the hearts of the aged couple and of their participating children would go out in unspoken heart fellowship to the recently Seceder descendant families, Anderson and Watson, of Indiana, and to the loved daughter over-sea. And when the great occasion was over grandfathers would be good old Simeons soulful "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." In the fourth year thereafter he did indeed thus depart in peace.

It should be mentioned here that some other folks beside the aforementioned editor believed in the union of hearts as well as of churches. Rev. Hugh Forsythe, the good Fairview pastor, had to travel all night in his hurrying home from the union of the churches to effect the union of good Margaret Carson Wallace, second granddaughter of our first parents, and David K. Kyle. Thus that Kyle family is just as old as the United Presbyterian Church.

Thus far our story has related largely to grandfather, with but little about her who considerably outlived him and to whom he always was so greatly indebted. To leave her out of the story, or mainly so, would be fatal to its character, for she had a

larger place than he in the homage and affections of the family and others, and fully as large in the weird stories that cluster 'round the family tree.

The contrast between the two was always marked. He was the reader, the ecclesiastic, the usually stern; she the tactful, the eminently practical, the witty, the always tender. And it was likely to the union of her Sion with his Sinai qualities that we are indebted, under God, that not one of the large family proved a failure or a black sheep, and all throughout life stood very high in their respective church and other circles. Affectionate memories and amusing stories, repeated with laughter, and sometimes with tears, encircle her name and long will, and, so far as we know, there is not an unpleasant or regrettable one among them. He might make breaks, and did, but not she.

Typical is the tea story. When tea was a prime luxury she somehow obtained a supply, possibly brought from Ireland in the migration or on one of grandfather's visits to the old country.

A neighbor woman, fond of the beverage and an adept at loquacious hinting, would be seen betimes footing it over the hills toward grandfather's. The tea was always brewing on her arrival and was soon served, while the visitor's cheer and quaint tattle, though not very edifying, afforded material for kindly humor later. In

the earlier days a garrulous neighbor, bestride his old grey, used to enjoy his long-winded talks with her at the cabin door or, perhaps, out at the "bars." She would listen with all respect and interest and at times help with a word, while he, rolling his quid from side to side, would continue his speech,

The Contrast.

Tea Story.

**The Cow and
the Saddle.**

and a hungry cow would help herself liberally to the straw of the large primitive straw saddle under him, all oblivious to her depredations. And yet not a trace of malice on grandmother's part—only some straight-face fun. She would do any kindness to him or to anyone else. We are not so sure of the unmixed quality of another story. Grandfather, set in his purposes, which were not always best, planted a couple of trees—one says plum trees, another says locusts—against her pleading protest, just where she with better idea didn't want them, or, according to the locust tradition, because she didn't want them at all. Despite his careful nursing of those trees, they, to him mysteriously, faded and died. She was afterwards heard to remark to a friend that boiling water was first-rate for trees.

Tree Culture.

Cousin David A. McClenahan, professor in Allegheny Seminary, contributes a story illustrative of her kindly tact. True to her Irish antecedents, she was a great walker, sometimes in old age walking eight or nine miles. David's father still had the home farm, and the aged widow lived with him and family. He one day proposed to his wee Davy to accompany him to the mill at Fairview. The country lad's vision was full of the prospective sights of that mill with its wonderful machinery. On the way they met grandmother returning afoot from her daughter's, Aunt Jane's, four miles away. But let David tell the story. "Father stopped the wagon to inquire how she was standing the walk. Grandmother, noticing me in the wagon, said: 'And, Davie, are ye going to see the mill? Ye must be carefu' to not get caught in the wheels. I fear ye will get hurt. I don't see very well. Won't ye

**The Mill That
Wasn't Visited.**

come wi' me and lead me over the mud-puddles?' Without a word I climbed out of the wagon, took her hand and carefully led her the slow walking of the mile and a half home, while she talked to me, now telling a story and now praising my care of her. Her appreciation of my service more than made up for the failure to see the mill and its wonders."

Professor McClenahan gives another illustration of her kindly tact, as also her timidity in relation to the newer things. Her son, the professor's father, in her advanced years, bought a carriage, largely that he might take her to church in comfort. She rode in it a few times, though in constant fear. She never positively refused the ride, but she evaded it. Early Sabbath morning she would say: "Weel, James, I think I will just walk on a bit; you will overtake me before I get to church." She was careful to get so good a start that she would be within a short distance of the church before being overtaken, when she would say: "Oh, it's hardly worth while now," and so she would walk the whole four miles. After church she would say: "Weel, James, I'm not feeling very well; I fear the carriage might make me worse. I think I'll take my time afoot." This was repeated Sabbath after Sabbath.

The writer's own memories of the old scenes, though limited, are typical. Fairview was to him and to his parent family a sort of Padan Aram—no Padan Aram, either, for there was no Laban (white) ahead, white only in name, and no avenging Esau behind. Rather it was our Bethel, House of God. The day's journey eastward, perhaps in dreamy autumn time, mainly along the then wonderful pike with

its windings, old taverns, pair of telegraph wires, toll-gates, furious four-horse stage coaches, great freight wagons, and all the rest, was a very great event. The objective consisted of the four big and growing families of kindred, but memory clusters chiefly 'round the aged grandparents, grandfather with his books, last two or three years bedfast with paralysis, grandmother with her always kindly ministry. And, sure, memory hasn't forgotten the silver coins with which grandmother filled his chubby fist at parting or the kind words with which she filled his ears and heart.

And there came a later visit, soon after the war, when only grandmother remained of the ancient pair, and I had grown to sapient (pronounced *sap-* Golden Sunset. *ient* in this case) young manhood. It was the pensive yet joyous late eventide of her life, which yet entered fully and most kindly into the life around her, prominently the playful life of uncle Jimmy's youngsters. Great riders were they, girls as well as boys, sticking flea-like to any colt, while she feared horse or other conveyance as one might now fear aeroplane. Nearly blind, but always seeing as with inner sight, she somehow could never be deceived as to the country ride of the youth to the singing or apple-paring over the hills and far away, and many were the affectionate and amusing badgerings between her and especially rollicking Bob, her oldest surviving grandson of that home, as to the danger. And the then The Ideal Wife. *sap-ient* young man, heading for the ministry, cannot forget the serio-comic advice, with many an odd Irish turn, as to the wife to choose—"maid in kitchen as well as queen in parlor, mind ye, Johnnie"—

advice now sweetened to him by thought of her who for over thirty-seven years was to him all that and more. And entwined with these is the memory of grandmother's deeper spiritual life spiritually fed, and of especially the coming of pastor and wife, made sacred by "the books" and the prayer before going, and not secularized either by the abounding butter, eggs, and what not with which good aunt Grizella crowded all the spare places of their buggy on their return. Such memories—well, they doubtless bring raindrops and rainbows to other eyes as to mine.

Grandfather's promotion came, after his long paralytic helplessness, at a most suitable time, despite the darkness of the war so devastating to his beloved and adopted country and already drawing into its camps so many of his grandsons. It was the last day of 1861, after a married life of more than sixty-one years. "So Mr. Valiant-for-Truth passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." Grandmother lingered, a benediction to all about her, nearly six years longer, until she had rounded her four-score and eight, when she entered into rest. Most befittingly the abiding place of the two worn bodies is not some great cemetery, but the old churchyard close by the sacred spot where their Lord had so often met with them and their children. In pew and at communion table they had sat together. Now they rest together in "God's own sown field." "And their works do follow them."

While memories cluster chiefly and properly 'round the primal pair, yet they deal also with their children and their families, mainly those of Fairview. Almost

fresh as yesterday to the then awestruck boy of six, a county distant, is the memory of the passing of uncle John Wallace, as talked about in the home **Other Old-time** circle. The going at high noon of life, and **Memories.** the stories of his rich character, adorning eldership, wise and fruitful life, and the weepings of negroes at his open grave as for their best earthly friend—prophetic of the great service of his daughter Eliza for that race later—all this is not dimmed but glorified by the lapse of more than sixty years. And then the passing, later, of his daughter Nannie, beautiful with the beauty of Christian young womanhood of great promise, at nineteen, taken by consumption. Later, the going of blind Willie, of the same family, the one dependent of the vigorous household, over whose decease at fifteen, after lifelong helplessness, aunt Jane, with strange yet true mother heart, is said to have mourned as for no other of her children. Along with all this, the births, marriages, Christian professions, Christian experiences, school events, ripenings here and there into college life, amusing incidents, and all the etcetera of the four Fairview families, all woven into the varied hue and fabric of life. And betimes word from the two Indiana families, Anderson and Watson, of the old Carmel Church, near South Hanover, Indiana, where father had begun his ministry. Once a visit there by father and mother, before railroad days, and the subsequent fascinating evening stories thereof, in which mother, always alert for high examples of worthy living, told of how good our cousins were. All this is merely alluded to that other kindred may be reminded not of the same things but of others not less interesting, as remembered by themselves or as told by forbears.

Something should be said here concerning the two Indiana families, so long and so far separated from the rest, and therefore with a history the less known. Less is written in the record concerning aunt Ellen especially than any of the others. This is not only on account of distance, but because of the fewness of special phases in her life. Her case reminds of the girl's lament, "Sally's oldest and Becky's youngest, and they get attention that way, and Jen is pockmarked, and Kate freckled, and Hanner cross-eyed, and Liz was snakebit, and Nell run off with a scamp, but there's nothing about me at all." There were few attention-arresting phases in aunt Ellen's life. But even so, the smooth pillar, with no projection for hand or eye, supports yet its great weight, and the prairie farm, with no landscape features, supports and advances a family. The featureless part of a nation's history is often for that reason its best part. Aunt Ellen and her worthy husband, John L. Anderson, long-time farmer and elder, reared to and beyond full maturity their entire family of nine, all with more or less advanced education, all walking in the ancestral steps, the five daughters all teachers, the four sons filling well their various places. Parents and five* of the children have passed over, but their memory has not. In southern Indiana the two sisters, Ellen Anderson and Margaret Watson, and their households, lived long as neighbors, the one with a large family, the other with no children at all. In '58 the Andersons moved to near College Springs, Iowa, with its frontier newness, and in '61, first year of the war, retraced their steps as far as to near

* Since increased to seven. See postscript.

Washington, Iowa. The Watsons will be mentioned farther on in another connection.

This review, together with the appended genealogical record, suggests various reflections.

One of the first is the long-time obligation of the McClenahans to the Wallaces. The immigrant family came first, as we have seen, to Samuel Wallace's, in western Pennsylvania, suggesting the likelihood of kindly correspondence farther back; then, quite likely by the influence of David Wallace, to within a few miles of the latter's home in Ohio; then, probably by the same kindness, to the latter's immediate neighborhood, near Wheeling Creek. The older Wallaces, like their posterity, were men of affairs—David Wallace, it is said, a militia colonel. Our student patriarch was not and was chaperoned not a little by them. And ever since the union of the two families by the marrying of John Wallace to Jane McClenahan the executive resources of the new Wallace family have been at the service of their McClenahan kindred, as indeed of everybody else. Our reasons for grateful memory are more than a century old.

This suggests an inquiry as to the characteristics of the two stocks. Regarding as well-nigh infallible the moral judgments of my mother as to people, I, like her, had regarded the Wallace as the superior stock, and I still do so, for in combination of strong and attractive qualities no other tribe of our Israel has equalled the Wallace tribe, with its David, Mac, Eliza—to give mere samples. But when I mentioned this to uncle Robert McClenahan in his wise old age, he, while assenting, suggested a thought not

Kinship
Indebtedness.

Wallace and
McClenahan
Characteristics.

occurring to me before. He said the Wallaces as a rule begin their work early, do large service, and pass away young, while the McClenahans mature more slowly and last longer. A part of this has its exceptions, for Rev. Dr. A. G. Wallace, kinsman to our Wallaces, now well-nigh fourscore and three, still does yeoman service of statesman quality. But the comment was mainly correct and was well illustrated by him who made it. Those of us who saw uncle Robert in his extreme age (he passed away at about ninety-two) agree that while we always knew him to be a worthy man, we never before thought of him as really beautiful. With his locks trailing over his massive forehead, his words of wisdom, his clarity, his calm face, he seemed at once saint and sage. He was greatest at the last. So also was his brother David. So doubtless was James, and so would he have been increasingly had he lived to the extreme age of his brothers, instead of passing away at threescore and ten. And so were the sisters, I think, without exception.

Here the question comes whether grandfather was not something of an exception in his own stock. Colonel **An Exception in the Breed.** John McClenahan, oldest of the living descendants,* assents to this view. It is suggested by our few glimpses of his McClenahan half-brothers, but mainly by the fact that none of his whole family resembled him much in appearance or traits. In some respects they were much unlike him. His tendency to something apart from the work in hand, to write, to dream, to read, to ecclesiastics, to the far-off things, and also to make breaks, never cropped out in one of his plodding, matter-of-fact children. In this they were

* Since deceased. See postscript.

better than he. And, so far as known, the defect, for such it was, never cropped out appreciably in the succeeding generation except in the case of one namesake grandson.* Grandfather's must have been a case of atavism, reversion to a type not previously appearing for whole generations, a rare feature in the breed and therefore seldom reappearing.

It is well to know the defects as well as the favorable qualities in one's stock, and a study of the genealogical tables reveals some good things strikingly absent from ours. Not until the third generation following our grandparents are there among the lineal descendants any mechanics at all, or any, male or female, engaged in handicraft pursuits. In the third generation we find two machinists, a watchmaker, a marble cutter, a moulder, and that is all. Grandfather himself was a weaver, but we have already noted that the weaver's work was largely perfunctory. The first generation of daughters, and perhaps in some measure the second, excelled in needlework, as shown by the beautiful heirloom quilts and the like. They could make anything from silks and satins to soap and sausage, and repair anything from saucers to shoes and shins. But this came from necessity or from painstaking thoroughness, not from taste or natural handiness. There is not a professional dressmaker or milliner on our appended list. We simply don't take to handicraft pursuits. This, in memory of the carpenter, of his prime minister a tent-maker, of the strong movement of the reformation among handicraft people, and of the missionary move-

* Now isn't it the perfection of meanness for one to thus blame his defects on his breed?

ments later in the same classes, and in view of the inherent nobility of mechanical pursuits, is not gratifying.

Similarly, the fine arts, such as music, drawing, painting, sculpture and the like, have made no progress among us. Nor poetry. Dr. D. A. Wallace told that once he would a warbling go. It was in the days of the stately, sacred Miltonic verse. He hied him to the woods and got him down on his back beside a babbling brook and among the birds with their melody, where, amid poetic sounds and scenes and looking skyward through the inspiring trees, he courted the muses and finally got as far as "O Thou."

Also, though on a different line, our folk, aside from the Wallace part of us, have not been, as a rule, free of speech, ready at off-hand public talk. Imagine a McClenahan auctioneer! There is a lack of fluency, indeed, a lack of ease generally. To those of us called to public speech it, in at least some cases, is a perpetual strain never overcome, and it is a question whether, in such a case, any good cause, even the most sacred one, could not be promoted better by some pursuit without this strain. It is partly on account of this defect likely that there are no stump speakers and scarcely any lawyers among us. Three of the lineal descent were admitted to the bar, but one scarcely ever practiced and two confined their law business to real estate.

The mental qualities have been largely of mathematical character. In mathematics and in analytical studies generally our set, with few exceptions, have revelled. A modest survivor, of few words, uncle Robert McClenahan's youngest son, William, will

Fine Arts
Lacking. Can
Hardly Paint
a Fence.

Mouths Don't
Go Off.

Tendency to
Mathematics.

reluctantly pardon the use of his case as illustration. Unlike his three older brothers, all of whom graduated and entered professions, he never went higher than common school. But some recent persistent quizzing develops the fact that in common school he once took from a college-bred teacher extra studies in algebra and geometry, and then, independently at home, completed geometry and waded through trigonometry. He is said to have never stalled on a problem. In the army, before his disabling by wounds, he went through Yeoman's Chemistry minus the experiments, and then left the book somewhere on a hard march. This mathematical tendency has developed latterly on the line of civil engineering, into which a number of the later generations have entered, beginning with John F. Wallace and his son. From the traditions floating around the 'Varsity alma mater of another Will McClenahan, civil engineer, nephew of the former, he must have just swallowed the whole tough 'Varsity mathematical and engineering proposition, hide, hair, horns, hoofs and all, and licked his chops for more. This civil engineering tendency has led in turn to railroading, and in two cases, J. F. Wallace and son, to high records therein. There has also been a tendency, latterly, to banking, an outcome in part of the same mathematical feature.

One of the marked characteristics, especially in the first family, was a specially keen relish for humor, mainly of a quiet, peculiar, pawky sort. Sense of Humor. On my mention to cousin H. F. Wallace of such humor as characteristic of his mother and aunt Rachel, oldest and youngest of family, he laughingly replied, and correctly, that the whole set of them had it.

Aunt Margaret Watson, probably gentlest of all, so tried, too, and so sensitive, would laugh till the tears would run down her cheeks at some old-time memory or present oddity. Aunt Jane's humor was inevitable, unfailing, and, withal, never malicious. Much of her quiet tea-sipping drollery, with its odd assumptions of her own ignorance, or defensive plea of her own innocence, was at her own expense, or that of her children, for whom she would have given her life. It wouldn't surprise us to learn that within an hour of her going, at a very advanced age, the old spirit flamed forth anew at the expense of herself or those about her.

But aunt Rachel was in this regard the most distinguished of all. In her girlhood, if, in the long Sabbath evening catechisings, cat, or kitten, or pup, or brother's or sister's baby, became specially disturbing, Rachel's was, of course, the hidden hand, her face the while a graven image, as Ian MacLaren would say. When my oldest sister sat at times with her and uncle somewhat back in the largely attended New Concord Church, the barely audible snuffing on aunt's part, and not another sign of her noticing, as perhaps something very human occurred in the crowding aisle would well-nigh upset my serious sister's gravity in anticipation of comment and mimicry at first meeting during the week. "Johnnie, come down with me to uncle Willison's." That meant likely that mother, worn with church or other vexation, hungered for Rachel's healing ministry. When at bedtime, sore with laughter, we returned the length of the village, not a word having been spoken meanwhile between the sisters on the vexation, the heart pain was soothed and sleep secured

by the blest ministry of humor. Both sisters knew what it was for. And almost never did Aunt give voice to heart burden of her own. Hers only to help others. In all our long, close acquaintance, only once in my knowledge was expression given of her own pain. When her husband lay in army hospital at death's door with typhoid, and she could not go to him, she wrote: "O when will this terrible war be over?" She had only the limited education common especially to women of her time. But not one in the large kinship has a warmer place in affectionate memory.. "Saint Aunt Rachel" would sound funny, but that is about what it would be if a lot of us kids of sixty or more had the canonizing to do.

This family sense of humor came mainly and manifestly from grandmother. Grandfather's attempts therein were somewhat stiff and cumbrous, grand-
 mother's spontaneous as the bloom, fra-
 grance and voices of spring. Happily such humor is no longer regarded as a mere aside, perhaps mere matter of sufferance. We now know, prominently since Lincoln's day, that it is one of the substantial things, often half concealing, half revealing greatness of thought and heart. The comment on Mark Twain, though likely overdone, was in the main just. ". . . Serious in the guise of humor. . . . He could no more avoid seeing the ludicrous aspect of situations, the comic element in his fellow-beings, the absurd contradictions in our nature, than he could escape seeing the deep moral issues which surrounded him and in regard to which, in his long life, he was never on the wrong side."

Humor's Great
Value.

!Another tribal feature of the old set was a dread

of pretense or show. The imagining of uncle Robert, James or David walking link-arm with wife was one of the standing jokes. In this, ancestral Scottish, back of Irish, tendency was seen. Said I once to a Scotland-born sister of Secretary Wilson of the Cabinet: "They say a Scotchman never tells his wife he loves her till the one or other is going to die." After a moment's characteristic thought there came the laughing reply: "Indeed, he would do well to tell her then; 'deed he would." So with our older set. When uncle Robert's older sons in the nearby Madison College, long since extinct, at Antrim, were winning laurels in debate by walloping some of the supposed big debaters, it was only with great effort that uncle was persuaded by friends to attend a contest in which such debate was prominent, and then, as reported, he sat behind the door.

Related to this averseness to parade was the dread of dependence on others in any way. An example in mother's case comes to me. One of our college professors had suggested to a class-mate that some of us should receive aid from the denominational Board of Education, one of whose missions was to aid financially, in case of need, young men preparing for the ministry. On my mentioning it to mother the quick answer of her of tender spirit was: "Never; I'll wear my finger nails off first." It seemed to me they were nearly worn off already in her effort to keep open table and purse, educate the children and be dependent on no one. Her answer settled it.

But it is of aunt Margaret chiefly that we all think in this connection. Her story clear through is a touch-

ing one. Her first semi-engagement to a worthy young farmer neighbor was broken off as a result of someone's well-meant but mistaken officiousness for the match, and she, nearly heartbroken, went to the homes of her next two older sisters, young married women, <sup>Aunt Margaret
Watson's
Sorrow.</sup> in southern Indiana, for diversion. There another worthy young man, William Watson, wooed and won her. Watson was a mechanical genius, a born inventor, but, like some others of his kind, he always failed to connect. His well-built fence had always a gap in it, and thus was no fence at all. When he died at Madison, Indiana, in February, '66, I, a student at Xenia Theological Seminary, and nearer to her geographically than were any of the others—the Andersons being then in Iowa—went to see her. Next to the natural pain of her bereavement was the sense of her destitution. She hoped, but in vain, that this or that patent might bring her something. She was left penniless. Only the dread of dependence made this a trial. She knew her twin brother James would divide his last morsel with her. She knew, too, all her brothers and sisters would welcome her to their homes. Plainest clothing and housing would hurt her not at all, for such she preferred, but to be dependent was killing. And this was indeed the burden of her life, burden borne in silence. The neat, painstaking care of her clothing, so that it might last doubly long, the attempt at labor to and beyond her very limited strength, the kindly ministries, the fondness of her steady look into the eyes of the younger set as she would thus drink into her heart the joys of the motherhood denied her, and with it all the "humor twin sister of pathos"—all this and more. Her memory is most enriching.

The tribal emphasis on education finds abundant proof in the appended genealogical tables. True, the immediate family of our immigrants had only the very limited schooling common to the time and to the pioneer life in the woods. But the little was well used. My mother never studied grammar, and yet very seldom, if ever, was she known to use ungrammatical speech, and the same was likely true of her brothers and sisters. And what that generation could not have for itself it was intent on having for the next and for its successors. No sacrifice too great for that. And there was to be the imparting as well as the receiving. One notes the immense number not only of graduates but of teachers in the appended list, the tendency extending through successive generations, and, "birds of feather," including those marrying into the stock. The pedagogic positions occupied have ranged all the way from college presidency and vice-presidency and theological presidency and professorships down—no, emphatically *not* down—to country school teaching. Either in student enrollment, the faculty, or the governing board, in some cases all three, our clan has been represented, sometimes numerous, in every present or former denominational or semi-denominational college of the United Presbyterian Church at home or abroad except one in India and not more than one or two in this country, in every present or former U. P. theological seminary in this country except one, in six great state universities, and in a considerable number of other higher institutions beside very many high schools.

This tendency is doubtless in part natural. A descendant of the third generation from the patriarch, in fur-

nishing me family data, wrote of a sister, and herself teaching in a high school, and humorously added, "Couldn't help it, it was in the blood." Colonel McClenahan writes of having met an Irish Whence This Emphasis? McClenahan, likely kinsman, who had been professor in Michigan University. Thus the tendency may have been among the folk in the old country and may be of long standing in the breed. Of this there is no certainty, but, whether or no, it was doubtless nourished and strengthened by the tremendous reformation emphasis thereon, the placing everywhere of the school by the church. Education was religiously imperative, sacred as Psalm, Sabbath or sacrament. The remembered Civil War motto on the envelopes of Monmouth College, a large proportion of whose students had gone to the front, motto placed there by its young president, Dr. Wallace, expresses the idea of the reformation and of our fathers: "We must educate, whether there be peace or war."

The same strength of religious conviction and life was evidenced also by the large number enrolled in the ministry and the ruling eldership. Ten of Preachers by Wholesale. the tribe have been ministers and nine ministers' wives.* And this has come, as seen, not from fluency of speech or fondness for publicity, but from deep conviction as to the demands of the gospel ministry on the very best in heart and education one can give.

Such emphasis on school and church will help to offset some of our previously mentioned tribal defects. And it has its humorous side, too, victim of many a joke. One of our preacher set married a choice wife

* Four of the lineal descent are missionaries in Egypt.

who yet was not at all of the tribe of Levi as to either school work or the ministry. She sometimes told others laughingly in her husband's presence:

No Great laughingly in her husband's presence:
Shakes. After "There were just two kinds of folks I used
All. to specially dread, preachers and teachers, and I went
and married into a great big nest of both, and find them
just common stuff, after all."

Along with and underneath all this on the part of the older set, with all their humor, was a strong conception of the seriousness of life. With them reality was Reality and duty was Duty. Especially was this true in matters distinctly religious. With them the Christian doctrine was no mere subjective thing, mere matter of temperament, mere flavor in the baking, mere phase or stage of evolution, as often now, but a stupendous reality as absolute as the multiplication table and infinitely more important.

Of course, there was dogma and not a little of it. But despite all the severe things spoken of that unpopular word, every science, from arithmetics first page up, is full of dogma and expresses itself in dogma. No dogma, no science, and thus no reality—dogma, be it always remembered, not at the beginning but at the end of the research. And if there is no room for dogma in religion, it belongs to the category of Santa Claus and the fairy tales, indulged only as harmless child's play. But with our older set things religious were eternal verities, entirely aside from our conception of them or attitude in relation to them. And this gave to their faith and whole Christian character a strength not otherwise attained or attainable. When aunt Jane Wallace was left in her forties a widow

with a large family, her still undimmed humor blended with the Christian strength which maintained unbroken the family altar and reared with eminent success her large household in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And it was on this sense of the divine reality apart from ourselves that uncle Robert, at ninety-two, when crossing the river, felt the immovable foundation beneath his feet and repeated "Rock of my Salvation" as long as his lips could frame the words. And indeed such exalted and exalting conception gives dignity and stability to all life and did to our forbears. Humor there was. Foibles and mistakes there might be and were. But these were on the surface. Beneath was the sea. It was partly on this basis that an admiring Cedar Rapids, Iowa, editorial applied to uncle David at his death the description of a British statesman, "Behind his trembling signature was the integrity of England's bank."

The Civil War was almost too modern for lengthy presentation in what was meant to deal mainly with tribal ancient history. But in various ways it illustrated tribal characteristics.

**The War
Period.**

Stories have often been told of those who, when the outbreak of the war was announced in school, jumped out of the window and made straight for the place of enlistment. But not such were our serious set. Not a stripling lummox in our whole six-foot, big-foot bunch stirred a peg until four months had passed and the grim character of the struggle was being revealed. But even so it came to pass that before the war was over, of our clan never represented in militia pomp and parade, inexperienced in muster, with never the credit even of law-

suit or good old-time country knock-down, not known at all in Mexican War only to oppose it as wrong, never prominent even with the squirrel-hunting rifle, every unmarried male of sufficient age, with one exception, was at the front, mostly the fiery bloody front of front. And the one excepted, barely old enough at the last, was kept at home—to do the farm work? The father, sisters and boy brother (now Professor McClenahan, of Allegheny) would have managed that somehow. No, but because he could not yet be given up by his fond mother, aunt Grizella, whose two first-born had fallen. He would have gone soon if the war had continued. And they weren't smart enough to find a soft place or quit till the ugly job was done. Of the eleven enrolled, not counting descendants-in-law, every one was with the colors at the front when the war was over except one fallen in battle, one by sickness, one disabled by wound, and one transferred to the veteran reserve corps. Uncle Robert's family was the most numerous and conspicuously represented.* All four sons were in the hottest of the service, two of them for four years and four months, two for three years each. Three of them were wounded, one of them very severely, one twice. Stewart, later Rev. R. S., now deceased, was one of the gentlest of boys—too gentle, mother used to fondly think, for life's ruggedness, and, withal, apparently consumptive, the very opposite of soldierly ideal. But he came back a strong man, decorated with shoulder straps and two wounds. The highest in position was the oldest of those four brothers, John McClenahan, who rose from captain

*And Nancy's, the Henderson family, about the least numerous and conspicuously, and, naturally enough, makes up herein by noise.

to lieutenant-colonel, part of the time commanding regiment. Our folk went in reluctantly, from sheer sense of ugly duty, and stayed to the finish and then were content, though, after the war, when reconstruction troubles sometimes threatened renewal of the conflict, cousin Urie was heard to remark quietly that if necessary he would go in again. The grim spirit of that time was illustrated by the mother of those four brothers. Said a niece: "Aunt Nancy, I would think you would worry with all four of your sons in such danger." Her bluff, Spartanlike reply was: "Worry? What would I worry about? I'm sure they're fighting in a good cause." All the same, her surviving daughter says she did worry, though she wouldn't acknowledge it.*

Of course, the war had to have its humor and lots of it. One of our eleven flag defenders ran off, when sixteen or less, to the navy gunboat service. Scrubbing
Yes, sure, it was Bob Wallace—who else? Decks.
—original, long-headed, laconic, cool, daring, generous Bob, aunt Jane's Benjamin, with just enough catch in his speech to make it doubly interesting and often amusing. When, soon after his assignment, he was set to scrub the deck, he coolly threw down the brush, declaring he didn't enlist to scrub decks. Promptly he was jugged in the black hole, where he painfully learned that he was under authority where when it was said unto one scrub he scrubbeth. It was very amusing to the home family, his mother not least, and he always

*The tribal disposition illustrated by the war record, viz.: slow to begin and slower to quit, like Bull, whom when he laid hold all heaven and yairth couldn't make let go, has been manifest on other lines. The man who said, "When we first got our preacher we could have just eaten him, and now we wish we had," wasn't one of us.

afterwards prized the incident for its valuable lesson in discipline. As his widow puts it, "He learned, like his master, obedience by the things that he suffered." It might be added that he sent home his bounty and his spare pay to his mother, who needed it.

As to the issues involved in the struggle, the entire connection, without exception, was intensely anti-slavery and strong for the Union. President Lincoln had every vote both times. All of all ages and both sexes were uncompromising and intense for the war to the finish. And yet it is quite possible that some of the survivors can see, more than then, the possibility of two sides to some of those old questions. And as to war itself, perhaps there is among us increasing agreement with John Hay, Lincoln's private secretary in our greatest war and state secretary in our last one, that "war is the most ferocious and futile of human follies," and with Alexander Hamilton, that "the maxims and usages of war are the despair of human nature." And possibly some will agree with Green's teachings, in his English history, that war affects nations and human society far less than supposed and its almost exclusive effect is evil.

It is important that we look at the general features of the earlier time covered by this story, compare with the present, peep, if possible, into the future, and learn some lessons. That ancestral time, though so recent, seems in its record in many things almost like ancient history, so rapid, especially in this country, are the changes in all life. It was a time of log or very small frame house, "wi' routh o' bannocks

and bairns," of low ceiling, great fireplace, and uncarpeted floor, of mush and milk, of often three in a bed and several beds in a room, including the trundle-bed with its sacred and amusing memories, of stogy boots or shoes, though mostly nature's own shoes save in dead of winter, of the spin-

The Old.

ing-wheel with its song and the weaver's loom with its weaving of theology even more than of cloth, of sickle and drawing-knife and flail, of careful, old-time economies, of much Bible reading and memorizing, with but few other books and only a small weekly paper or two for other reading matter, of much catechising and sometimes much rod, of solemn, lengthy family worship, of old-fashioned schoolhouse and school teaching, joined yet to earnest outlook on education common and higher, of whole large families afoot to church save that, among those Americanized to the horse, mother with baby on lap and child behind, and father with chunk of boy behind, went horseback, of strong doctrines, hard as hard coal, and as warming, of strong sermons and great sacramental occasions, of, oh, so many things, and, oh, minus so many other things. A time it was, and a way, calling sometimes for alternating smiles and frowns, and yet, all in all, calling for high regard.

Singling out but few of the many changes since, all of the few on line with great changes current in life everywhere, and beginning with the more material kinds, one notes at once a change in prevailing diseases. Consumption and typhoid were prominent among the causes of death until recently. Not until within the last nineteen years were there reported any cases of cancer, but in that time the appended

Change In
Diseases.

tables show four such cases, two each of our line by birth and by marriage, the last two in five years. This is confirmatory of the recently expressed thought that that dread disease, with its proved and marvelous increase, will supplant abating tuberculosis as the great white plague of the future. Bright's disease, cancer and various nerve diseases, among us as in society at large, are partly, though happily not fully, neutralizing by their increase the notable diminution in the ravages of germ diseases.

Another change, somewhat related to the above, is found in our diminishing birth rate. This is a delicate Diminishing Birth Rate. subject, and yet it has become in high places, and rightly, one of the most prominent subjects of investigation and discussion. Mr. Roosevelt, after making it a specialty for many years, thundered recently his doctrines anew in the great university and court circles of Europe. France is making it a subject of earnest, careful legislation. It is interwoven with various other matters of first importance, and is entitled to the world's best thought, and we would be recreant if we would withhold the facts discoverable in the appended tables.

As a help to the understanding of the figures, let it be remembered that while parents have full share in their own children, they have only half share in their grandchildren, fourth share in next generation, and so on, and thus if the line barely holds its own in numbers each succeeding generation must number in births twice as many as the preceding. The successive numbers among us, counting the immigrant couple as first generation, were for second generation

13 born; for third, 49; for fourth, 135. So far good, though with diminishing proportion. But how about the fifth generation, not yet complete? A careful inspection of data found in these tables makes it almost certain that the number is at least half complete, if not two-thirds or more, at about 108. And the figures for last year, 1910, are suggestive, viz.: six deaths, four marriages, three births reported, with the bare possibility of a birth or two not reported. And ours is far from being an exceptional case. Let anyone look among his own neighbors of the hardiest and most fruitful Scotch and Scotch-Irish stocks, and note in how many cases the number of children born is, say, seven, and of grandchildren ten or so, with every here and there a case in which the number of grandchildren is actually less than of children. Meanwhile we should not forget our old Scotch and Scotch-Irish complacency on those lines, something like, "We thank thee that we are not like others, especially those frivolous French or those nasal New Englanders; we have *our* psalmists' quiver full and not a mere specimen or two."

And such facts are found abundantly. Massachusetts figures show that her native element is actually on the decrease. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, after studying the birth rate in the families of Harvard graduates, asserts that Yankees are becoming extinct. The number of school age in Kansas fell, by the figures, over twenty-three per cent. in nineteen years. Similar reports come from all around. It seems entirely likely that our native element is rapidly approaching, or has reached, not a dead level, as in France, but a sharp decline.

Of course, this condition is less one-sided than Mr.

Roosevelt characteristically would make believe. The command to multiply and replenish the earth loses force when the earth on the average is replenished. It looks as if population, in the world at large, is at least keeping pace with resources. To-day it is taxing those resources to the utmost to simply feed and clothe the world. Moreover, if astronomers should prove correct in their teaching that the earth in long future ages will gradually die out as a live world and its population become extinct, after alleged moon fashion, such population, to avoid appalling miseries, would better diminish gradually. Yet farther, such states as Massachusetts show that the change from a dominant puritan to dominant foreign element does not change greatly the state's character, for Massachusetts still leads in the great things, with the reduced puritan element still in the advance and others emulating, and doubtless will. Even the Poles are said to be making good. All this is true, and yet we dread, and should, a sharp decline in our numbers not only as humiliating and likely injurious, but specially as indicating decreased physical vitality.

But the cause? In current learned debates the theory that the notable diminution in family size is mainly voluntary seems to have the best of the argument and the advantage both in the prominence and numbers of the learned debaters. But it is not wholly voluntary. There seems good evidence in at least parts of our stock and some others that it is not at all intentional, but much regretted. Some attribute it to wealth, refinement, or education, and yet the royal families of Europe, with their wealth, refinement and education, are among the most prolific in the world (the queens are the queen

bees of Europe, the contribution of the queen of Spain, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, being annual), and two of the largest present families of our line are those of parents abounding in diplomas, titles and high positions. A simpler explanation is found in our American strenuousness, "Americanitis." In European countries, especially in former times, there was plenty of work, sometimes hard work, but with little strain. The nine or ten carefree hours per day in field or elsewhere, with accompaniment of laughter and song, on part of our peasant ancestry, with no outlook on being aught else than peasants, followed by evening play and chat in homes or on village street or green, wore on nerves not at all, and gave, in successive generations, accumulation of a reserve in strength something like the slow accumulation of fertility in our virgin soils or of coal under our hills. But how increasingly different now, especially in this country! Strenuous business, strenuous education, primary and advanced, strenuous society, strenuous cheap novel reading, strenuous athletics—bad as any—strenuous vacationing, including strenuous globe-trotting, strenuous everything from babyhood, with "hustle" perpetually in our ears, and little rest from cradle to grave, except stupendously strenuous rest. We cannot maintain strength and reproduction at such a pace any more than can our farm animals when on a perpetual strain, and almost anyone knows the rules on that line as to stock raising. They may continue a generation or two in specially strong stock of people, but the end is inevitable. Says one: "All my married children and children-in-law have wanted families and wanted them bad, partly because they know

I want a respectable number of grandchildren. Result? Four births, five miscarriages, several serious cases, and not a hardy child among the four. And all the ancestral lines represented were hardy and prolific." That means wearing out. And the evidence of such wearing out is all around in multiplying "operations," in officially reported increase in all nerve diseases, including insanity, in lowered birth rate, and otherwise. True, the officially reported death rate is decreasing and the average length of life increasing, but this comes mainly from the splendid advance made by the medical profession, especially as related to germ diseases. The census mortuary tables are very suggestive as to what might be termed break-down diseases, and it seems at least possible that that mystery of mysteries among diseases, cancer, with its phenomenal increase, will eventually find its solution somewhere on that line. Add to this the fact that too rapid development means exhaustion and reversion on the part of whatsoever falls behind, as shown notably in whole classes in New England, and the call to a slower pace becomes one of the most imperative of all calls. More important than conservation of coal, moisture, soil or forest is the conservation of human vitality. We should desire that our country be, for the human, something else than what our corn districts are for cattle, a place for "finishing" what is supplied from elsewhere—in the human case finishing in more senses than one. Calm, steady work, the quiet plodding of the Germans with their great success and maintained vitality, is yet in place, but not our American rush. And Mr. Roosevelt's preachments on the strenuous life should be thrown out of the window

as flatly opposed to his other preachments on race suicide and as fundamentally wrong. The Lord is calling on our American people, including our little McClenahan part of it, not to hustle, but to come aside and rest a while.

The emphasis on education in our family history suggests attention to great pervasive educational changes, in which our folk should be deeply interested and with which likely we have only measurably kept pace. Educational
Changes. Classic education, which has predominated among us, has had a great history. Its rise in connection with the Renascence and Reformation, and its substitution for the older scholastic education, with its syllogisms and all, are among the great things. But we are in the midst of a not less notably change to the predominance of yet another phase of education, the experimental, inductive study, not of literatures but of things. Perhaps to some of us it may seem profanation to change the old order with its great history. But, even so, to many a saintly soul the change to that order from one many times older, with also a great history, seemed a profanation. The same reasons that called for the former change call for this. Great things serve their day, grow old, become corrupt, die, and give place to greater. Those who fear that the substitution of nature study for old literatures, mainly heathen, as educational center is somehow non-Christian might well think of divine book and divine man, whose teachings were crowded with appeals to things with only one allusion, by an apostle, to the classics. There is infinitely more Christianity in rock, fountain, lily, tree, bird, star, so glorified in Bible poetry and teaching,

especially of the Great Teacher, than in Homer, Horace and the rest, with their story of gods that never were and events that never evented, done in language and literature far more completely dead than at and long after the Reformation and Renascence, and never better than our mother English. There is still a place for the classics, but not chief place. Moreover, modern education comes nearer to the daily life of the people than any preceding, and it has come to stay.

Another change, illustrative of widely spread tendencies, pertains to the ministry and related phases of religion. In the second generation of our line, counting the immigrant couple as first, there was one minister's wife. In the third generation six ministers and five ministers' wives from a total birth of forty-nine, a remarkable proportion. In the fourth, with the priestly numbers nearly, if not quite, complete, four and three, a proportion about one-fourth that of the preceding generation, though with a much larger proportion of the college-bred. Of the fifth generation, still in the making and mainly quite young, no ministerial candidates, so far as we know, are yet in sight. There seems to be a similar decrease in the proportionate number of ruling elders. And there are other signs of a fading of color in religion. Though still strong, it dominates somewhat less than formerly. Perhaps this, like not a few great cases in history, is an interregnum between an old dominance and a newer one changed somewhat in its proportions.

All in all, in our review of our ancestral record we find much that is gratifying. There is no worthier inheritance than that which comes from a physically strong,

industrious, intelligent, Godfearing ancestry, mainly agricultural, and of the middle classes. And such were our folk. Not brilliant, or wealthy, or artistic, or office-bearing, and certainly not free from mistakes and frailties, but true. Said our lamented cousin, Mary McClenahan, quietly, in response to encomium on her father, Dr. D. McClenahan, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa: "Well, I believe I can say of father, he's true." In this he was representative. May that phase of character grow not less among us, but larger. The voice of our fathers calls on us to advance on their record as they advanced on what went before.

Genealogy

These tables are not entirely complete. In a few cases repeated efforts failed to bring the desired data. And there are doubtless some mistakes. But it is believed the omissions and mistakes are few, and pertain almost exclusively to the youngest generations of our folk.

The list includes those marrying into the kinship as well as those born therein.

Pictures are given of the first two generations only, except that the two who, during nearly all the preparation of this record, were the oldest survivors of the third generation, in the border land of fourscore, Mrs. Mary A. Wallace Henderson and Col. John McClenahan, are also given, as is also the late Dr. D. A. Wallace, our patriarch's first and favorite grandson. It is much regretted that only one picture stands as parent at the head of the Wallace branch. Uncle John Wallace, of precious memory, died just before the advent of the daguerreotype among us. In some cases husband and wife seem of quite different ages, the result of their pictures being taken at different times.

The somewhat abundant footnotes may be credited to the ambition to give the record a scholarly character!

ABBREVIATIONS.

b., born; m., married; d., died; gr., graduated; Musk. C., Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio; Westmr. C., Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.; Mon. C., Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ills.; Mad. C., Madison College, of brief existence and long extinct, Antrim, Ohio; Miami U., Miami University, Oxford, Ohio; Oxford Theol. S., Oxford Theological Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, subsequently moved to Monmouth, Ill., and later merged with Xenia Theological Seminary, Ohio. Other abbreviations will be readily understood.

I. THE PATRIARCHAL FAMILY.

John McClenahan—b. County Down, Ireland, probably at or near Rathfriland or Banbridge, Oct. 29, 1780; m. March 23, 1800, to *Mary Urie*. Sailed for the U. S. May 10, 1812. Lived successively at Robinson's Run, Pa., New Athens, O., near Shepherdstown, O., and near Fairview, O. Lifelong weaver; short time grocer and postmaster; many years farmer; elder; d. Dec. 31, 1861.

Mary (Urie) McClenahan, oldest daughter of Robert Urie—b. probably near same place as husband, at unknown date, 1799; d. near Fairview, O., Sept. 18, 1867. Both rest in Fairview churchyard.

Thirteen children—Mary, b. June, 1801; David I, Aug., '02; Jane, Feb., '04; Mary Ann, Nov., '05; Robert, Aug., '08; not named, Oct., '10; Nancy, June, '12; Eleanor, March, '14; Margaret Carson and James, Aug., '16; Wallace, June or July, likely latter, '18; David II, Jan., '21; Rachel Wallace, Sept., '23. Six b. in Ireland, seven in the U. S. Of these, Mary and the unnamed

died likely in early infancy, David I in Ireland, when near eighteen, and Wallace, at New Athens or near Shepherdstown, when six weeks old. The remaining nine, one in Ireland, eight in this country, lived to advanced years, all married, and six had children. Their record follows:

II. THE JANE (McCLENAHAN) WALLACE FAMILY.

Jane (McClenahan) *Wallace*—b. County Down, Ireland, Feb., 1804; m. June 14, '25, Fairview, O., to John Wallace; d. at home of her daughter Belle, Mrs. Rev. R. Turnbull, Detroit, Mich., Dec. 9, '92; Fairview churchyard. *John Wallace*, Fairview, O., son of David Wallace, b. Belmont Co., O., in 1801; farmer; elder over twenty yrs.; d. April 20, 1850; Fairview churchyard.

Twelve children, two living, all b. Fairview—David A., June, '26; John M., Aug., '28; Mary Ann, Aug., '30; Margaret C., Oct., '32; Nancy H., May, '35; Eliza B. and Martha H., June, '37; William J., Sept., '39; Isabel Bell, Oct., '41; Hugh F., Nov., '43; Ellen A., Oct., '46; Robert S., Feb., '49. Of these, *Martha Henderson*, b. June 6, '37, d. July 12, '37; *Ellen Anderson*, b. Oct. 17, '46, d. Oct. 25, '47; *Nancy Hastings*, b. May 4, '35, d. May 23, '54, consumption; *William Johnston*, b. Sept. 4, '39, blind and always helpless, d. Sept. 30, '54. All rest in Fairview churchyard. The remaining eight lived, two still surviving, to advanced years, seven married, six with children.

1. *David Alexander Wallace*, D. D., LL. D., minister and educator—b. Fairview, O., June 16, '26; gr. Miami U., '46; Oxford O. and Alleg'y Theol. S., gr. '51; taught



JANE (MCCLENNAHAN) WALLACE.



DAVID ALEXANDER WALLACE.

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school at 15; president Musk. C., '46-'48; pastor of various cong's in Mass., Ill. and Ohio; founder Mon. C. and pres't, '56-'78; Prof. Mon. Theol. S., '67-'70; later lecturer Xenia Theol. S.; Mod. U. P. Gen. Ass., '64; member of various boards and commissions; author of a number of small books and of many articles for the press; m. Aug. 27, '51, New Concord, O., by Rev. B. Waddle, later D. D., to *Miss Martha J. Findley*; d. as pastor, Wooster, O., Oct. 21, '83; Monmouth Cemetery. *Mrs. Martha Jane (Findley) Wallace*, oldest daughter of elder James and Eliza (Speer) Findley*—b. New Concord, O., Oct. 3, '31; lives in retirement, Wooster, O.; six children, five living; of the six, the second, *James Findley*, b. New Concord, O., May 9, '54, d. same place, Sept., '55. The five are still living, all married and with families.

John Findley Wallace, Sc. D., LL. D., New York City, civil eng'r.—b. Fall River, Mass., Sept. 10, '52; Mon. C. part course; education as civil engineer by practical work chiefly on government river improvement at Rock I'd, Ill.; has held various civil engineer positions and others growing out of same, prominently chief eng'r Ill. C. R. R., V. P. and genl. mgr. same, first mgr. Panama Canal, now president of Electric Properties Co. In addition, and partly in connection therewith, has leading positions in large number of other corporations. Member of about fifteen societies and clubs, professional or social, including Amer. Soc. of Civ. Eng. (first pres't) and the British Civil Eng. Ass. m. at Rk. I'd, Ill., Sept. 11, '71, to *Miss Sarah E. Ulmer*. Two children:

* It is a matter of curious interest that her grandfather David Findley and maternal grandfather Stuart Speer were probate judges at same time, former in Muskingum Co., Ohio, for 12 years, latter in adjoining Guernsey Co. It was when capable farmers were often called to that position.

Harold Ulmer Wallace, Boone, Iowa, Civ. Eng.; b. Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 15, '72; has held various prominent railroad positions in civil engineering and general management; now V. P. and gen. mgr. Fort Dodge, Des Moines and Southern R. R. (electric). m. at Keithsburg, Ill., Sept. 12, '94, to *Miss Lura Dean Wycoff*, b. Oct. 10, '72, at Keithsburg. Five children—*John Earl*, b. Keithsburg, March 19, '96; *Arthur Wycoff*, b. Louisville, Ky., Nov. 17, '99; *Clarence Jay*, b. Flushing, Long Island, Feb. 6, '06; *Frances Fern*, b. Chicago, March 24, '07; *Harold Morris*, b. Keithsburg, Feb. 16, '10. *Mrs. Birdena Frances (Wallace) Orr*, b. April 25, '76; m. Sept., '97, to *Thornton M. Orr*, Pgh., Pa. One child, *Thornton Wallace Orr*, b. Nov. 14, '98; no farther data.

William Wallace, D. D., pastor, Parker, S. D.; b. Monmouth, Ill., Aug. 20, '56; gr. Mon. C., '78; Alleg'y S.; teacher, prominently in freedmen's educational work; pastor at various places; m. July 31, '83, to *Elizabeth Mary Starrett*, b. June 17, '58; gr. Mon. C., '80. Five children, three living—*David Alexander*, b. July 12, '84, civil engr., now on railroad survey work in Mexico; *Marion* (girl), b. Aug. 19, '86, d. Jan., 87; *Marguerite Jeanette*, b. Sept. 13, '87; gr. Mon. C., 1910; now Prof. Mon. C.; *Mary Elizabeth*, b. Feb. 8, '90; *Samuel Hamilton*, b. Feb., '94; d. March, '94.

Mrs. Elizabeth (Wallace) Taggart, Wooster, O.; b. Monmouth, Ill., Dec. 21, '58; gr. Mon. C., '80; taught one year Steubenville, O., Female S.; m. Sept., '83, to *Frank Taggart*, b. June, '52; gr. Wooster, O., Univ., '74; Mich. U. (Law), '76; judge successively of common pleas and circuit court since '96. Seven children—*Margaret Wallace*, b. Aug. 21, '84; gr. A. B. Western Col-

lege for Women, Oxford, O., '06; A. M. Wooster, O., Univ., '07; teacher in high schools; *William Wallace*, b. Aug. 30, '85; gr. Ohio Univ. civil eng. dept., '08; *Martha Findley*, b. Oct. 12, '87; gr. Wooster U., '09; *Frank*, b. Aug. 8, '91; *Clementine*, April 25, '93; *John McClenahan*, May 16, '95; *David Alexander*, April 29, '98.

McClenahan Hastings Wallace, Detroit, Mich., pastor—b. Monmouth, Ill., Sept. 19, '60; ed. Monmouth and Oberlin; taught at Knoxville, Tenn., Coll. and prin. Savannah, O., Academy; minister at various places; m. Turtle Creek, Pa., Oct. 13, '92, to *Amanda Crawford Carothers*, dau. of David Shaw Carothers, b. Turtle Crk., Sept. 8, '65. One child—*Donald*, b. Oct. 5, '93.

Charles Stuart Wallace, capt. signal corps U. S. A. since '01, stationed latterly at Leavenworth, Kan.; b. Monmouth, Ill., Sept. 11, '66; educated at Wooster U. Marriage record not given. Two children—*Frederick*, b. July 3, '84, electrical engineer, and a little girl.

2. *John McClenahan Wallace* ("Mac"), business, mainly commission and banker—b. Fairview, O., Aug. 6, '28. At his father's death left Hanover, Ind., College to take charge of his mother's household. In business in various places, including N. Y., Phila., Chicago, Greeley, Colo., Salem, Ore.; elder in various congregations; m. in '51, New Alexandria, Pa.; d. Salem, Ore., Oct. 16, '01, congestion of brain; City View Cem., Salem. *Mrs. Sidney Smith (McKissick) Wallace*—b. New Alexandria, Pa.; d. Salem, Ore., Oct. 18, '93, general breakdown; City View Cem. Two daughters—*Nancy Hastings*, d. in babyhood; *Mary Elizabeth*, b. Matamoras, O., June 9, '54; m. Greeley, Colo., Oct. 19, '87, by H. F. Wallace, D. D., to *Josiah McCreery*, lawyer, who d.

March 12, '89, tuberculosis of bowels; m., second time, Salem, Ore., June 6, '95, by H. F. Wallace, D. D., to *Charles Arthur Park*, lawyer, b. Niles, Mich., Nov. 3, '64; gr. Wooster U. and law dept. of Mich. U.; joint mgr. of R. S. Wallace estate, Salem, Ore. No children.

3. *Mrs. Mary Ann* (Wallace) *Henderson*,* Harrisville O.—b. Fairview, O., Aug. 20, '30; m. as second wife to John Henderson, Sept. 13, '53; lived on old Henderson homestead, near Harrisville, and at Wooster and St. Clairsville until her husband's death, since which time she made her home with youngest son at Harrisville; d. Oct. 26, '10; infirmities of age; Harrisville Cem. *John Henderson*—b. Sept. 14, '15, Washington Co., Pa., d. April 21, '98; Harrisville Cem. Eight children, six living.

William Wallace Henderson—b. July 15, '54; d. Jan. 24, '67; Harrisville Cem.

Infant son, dead born, Sept. 21, '56.

Samuel McCready Henderson,† Maynard, O.—b. April 2, '58; farmer on old Henderson homestead; elder twenty-one years; m. Feb. 4, '86, by Rev. W. E. Shaw, at

* Since she is alluded to and quoted a number of times in our history, some may think it is because she was a Henderson, aunt of the writer. Not so. She was of the McClenahan folk, cousin to the writer, before she was a Henderson. Her husband was youngest of father's six brothers, and he knew a thing or two. Knowing from father's high experience what the McClenahan daughters were worth for wives, and knowing that none were left—all gone like hot cakes—what does he do but go straight and take for his second wife the oldest girl of the next generation? And every acquaintance knows he struck it rich, not in "worldly gear"—he supplied that himself—but in what is above rubies. Of all the laborious correspondence involved in this write-up, nothing else has equalled for charm cousin Mary Ann's considerable number of letters. A peculiar simplicity is in them, a raciness, pathos at times, and blessed quiet humor withal, with ever and anon, a looking over the border. They made a happy renewal of a happy acquaintance of long, long ago. And let no one offer a choice farm for those letters, for they are mine for keeps. When word came of her recent crossing over, oldest then of our clan, it seemed an immediate personal bereavement, as also a personal joy at her crossing. Her picture, a kodak by grandson, is not in style, but it charms with its typical simplicity.

† Second part of name was for a paternal cousin by marriage, Rev. J. S. McCready, then beloved pastor at Cadiz, Ohio, who later, as captain fell in battle of the Wilderness.



MARY ANN (WALLACE) HENDERSON.

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Monroe, Ia., to *Ella Ward Shaw*, b. Irwin, Pa., Dec. 21, '58, "one of the Shaws." Three children, two living—*Mary Ekin*, b. June 12, '87; Musk. C.; *Alfred Shaw* and *Ralph Wallace*, twins, b. June 5, '90; latter d. Aug. 24, '91; Harrisville Cem.; former gr. Wheeling Business College, June, '09.

Mrs. Ella Jane (Henderson) *White*, New York City—b. Jan. 5, '61; educ. at Wooster U.; m. March 31, '85, at St. Clairsville, O., by Rev. Dr. Thos. Balph, to *William Webster White*, Ph. D., D. D., b. Jan. 16, '63, Ashland, O.; gr. A. B. Wooster U., '81; taught in alma mater; Xenia Theol. Sem.; various pastorates and professional positions; some years prof. Xenia Sem.; now pres't Bible Teachers' Training School, New York. Four children, three living—*Helen Henderson*, b. Peotone Ill., Sept. 1, '86; student some time Wooster U; *Wilbert Wallace*, b. May 1, '89, New Haven, Ct.; Class of '12 Wooster U.; *Robert Campbell*, b. Xenia, O., July 16, '91, d. May 12, 1900; Mt. Hebron Cem., Montclair, N. J.; *Donald Murray*, b. March 27, '01, Montclair, N. J.

Ulysses McClenahan Henderson* ("Mac"), Kersey, Colo.—b. Feb. 18, '64; agl. supt. Gt. West. Sugar Co., Sterling, Colo.; m. Greeley, Colo., Aug. 6, '89, to *Grace Norcross*, b. Greeley, July 15, '70; divorced '06. One son—*John Wallace*, b. Greeley, July 5, '92. m. again at Buena Vista, Colo., June 10, '08, to *Daisy Stevens*, b. St. Louis, Nov. 25, '74.

John Wallace Henderson, White Rock, Colo., machinist, mayor of town—b. May 28, '67; m., Xenia, O., '94, to *Bertha Morris*, b. Dec. 28, '68. Two children—

* Every one, in comparing dates, will recognize the red-hot patriotic significance of that part of the name.

Donald Audley, b. Canton, O., March 14, '95. *Grace May*, b. Canton, O., Dec. 23, '96.

Wilson Hanna Henderson, Greeley, Colo., intensive farmer—b. June 1, '70; m. Sept., '93, to *Minnie Lee Moore*, b. Feb. 28, '72. Two children—*Ethel May*, b. Greeley, Oct. 25, '94; *Paul LeRoy*, b. Wheeling Valley, O., June 24, '97.

David Everett Henderson, Harrisville, O., jeweler and postmaster—b. May 2, '74; m. June 14, '02, at High Ridge, O., to *Sarah Elisabeth Keys*, b. Jan. 13, '77. No children.

4. *Mrs. Margaret Carson (Wallace) Kyle*—b. Fairview, O., Oct. 30, '32; m. Fairview, by pastor, Rev. Hugh Forsythe, May 27, '58; d. Cambridge, O., Jan. 5, '99; Cambridge Cem. *David King Kyle*, Cambridge, O., b. Belmont Co., O., Oct. 4, '22; marble and granite cutter; d. Sept. 1, '91. Six children, two dying in infancy with no record. *John Wallace Kyle*, b. March 22, '59, d. March 25, '61; *William Andrew Kyle*, marble and granite cutter, Cambridge O., successor to his father, b. Aug. 11, '61; not married. *James McClenahan Kyle*, Stanfield, Ore., real estate, b. July 2, '69; m. by H. F. Wallace, D. D., Dec. 12, '94, Salem Ore., to *Jennie Gray*, b. Lansing, Ia. Two boys born at Salem—*George Wm. Gray*, Jan. 26, '96; *Hugh Wallace*, March 4, '98. *Hugh Forsythe Kyle*, journalist, b. Feb. 26, '73; m. in '02 to *Sylvia D. White*, of Maryland; on editorial staff Phila. Evening Telegraph; d. in hospital, Phila., Feb. 14, '10, septic poisoning, following pleurisy; no children.

5. *Miss Eliza Baldrige Wallace*, twin to *Martha Henderson Wallace*, who died in early childhood—b. Fairview, June 6, '37; gr. Mon. C., '66; long time teacher

in schools of various grades, including academies; much of life given to Freedmens work, Knoxville College, Tenn., mainly, as matron '77 to '97; d. in sanitarium, N. Y. state, Dec. 12, '97; Cambridge, O., Cem.

6. *Mrs. Isabel Bell* (Wallace) *Turnbull*, Cambridge, N. Y.—b. Fairview, O., Oct. 4, '41; teacher before marriage; m. Monmouth, Ill., June 25, '68, to *Rev. Richard Turnbull*, b. Roxburghshire, Scotland, June 22, '40; gr. Mon. C., '65; Mon. Theol. Sem., '67; pastor of various cong's U. P. and Pbyn, the last, of 17 years, Cambridge, N. Y., recently resigned on account of failing health and severe hurt from fall. Five children, four living—*William Hall Turnbull*, lumber and real estate, Chicago, Ill., b. April 17, '69; gr. Mich U., '91; m. Dec. 17, '02, to *Miss Blanche Gardner*, Manistee, Mich. One child, *Richard Gardner*, b. summer of '10. *Mrs. Maribel* (Turnbull) *Andrew*, Brooklyn, N. Y., b. Feb. 18, '75; m. Nov. 14, 1900, to *Dr. James H. Andrew*, Brooklyn, son of late Rev. J. H. Andrew. Twins—*Isabel Wallace* and *Mary Marshall*, b. near close of '09. *Jane Eliza Turnbull*, b. July 1, '77, d. March 11, '79. *John Wallace Turnbull*, lumber business, Phila., b. May 20, '80. *Mrs. Sydnie Elizabeth* (Turnbull) *Esterbrook*, Brooklyn, N. Y., b. Oct. 19, '83; gr. Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa., June 4, '07; teacher, Brooklyn, until m., Oct. 12, '10, to *Otto Grant Esterbrook*, lawyer, Brooklyn.

7. *Hugh Forsythe Wallace*, D. D., Siloam Spgs., Ark., pastor—b. Fairview, O., Nov. 12, '43; named for and baptized by his pastor. Recruit Co. C. 83 Ills. Inf., Feb., '64, to Sept., '65, except last few months transferred with other recruits to another regt.; gr. Mon. C., '68; taught a year; gr. Mon. Theol. S., '72; pastor various

churches, m. May 1, '72, by his brother, Dr. D. A. Wallace, to *Miss Sarah Isabella Struthers*, b. Monmouth, Oct. 4, '46; gr. Mon. C. '65.

8. *Robert Stewart Wallace* ("Bob"), commission merchant, later horticulturist and banker—b. Fairview, O., Feb. 12, '49, Lincoln's 40th birthday. In U. S. Navy, river gunboat service, when very young, a year at close of war, rising to office of steward; part course Mon. C.; very successful in seed commission, Chicago; afterward city and state leader in various business, moral and religious enterprises, Salem, Ore. m., Monmouth, Ill., Oct. 24, '72, to *Miss Nancy Jane Lee Black*, second daughter of Prof. A. M. Black, D. D.; d. Salem, Ore., Oct. 30, '91, probably effect of malarial poisoning in river gunboat service. *Mrs. Wallace*, Glen Osborne, Pa.—b. New Athens, O., Dec. 23, '46; gr. Mon. C., '67. Five children, two living. *Robert Lee*—b. Sept. 23, '74, d. Salem, April 5, '86; *Carrie Lee*, b. Feb. 23, '78, d. April 9, '78; *Paul Black*, Salem, Ore., joint mgr. with C. A. Park, of R. S. Wallace ranch, b. May 28, '79; *David Andrew*, b. March 8, '84, d. June 5, '85; *Ruth Lee*, Glen Osborne, Pa., b. July 2, '87.

III. THE MARY ANN (McCLENAHAN) DALZELL FAMILY.

Mrs. Mary Ann (McC.) *Dalzell*—b. Rathfriland, County Down, Ireland, Nov., 1805. At family removal to this country, left, in company with older brother, David I, under care of bachelor half-uncle, James McClenahan, who provided abundantly for the children. m. at unknown date; never came to this country; d. about age of 68. *Hugh Dalzell*, wealthy merchant,



MARY ANN (MCCLENNAN) DITZELL.



HUGH DITZELL.



ROBERT McCLENAHAN.



NANCY (STEWART) McCLENAHAN.

Newry, County Down, Ireland. No children. No other data.

IV. THE ROBERT McCLENAHAN FAMILY.

Robert McClenahan, farmer—b. Rathfriland, Ireland, Aug., 1808; m. Dec. 14, '31; many years elder at Fairview, O., and DeWitt, Ia.; d. DeWitt, Ia., Sept. 6, 1900; Elmwood Cem., DeWitt. *Mrs. Nancy (Stewart) McClenahan* (one of the aunt Nancy's), daughter of John and Mary Stewart, of Guernsey Co., O., b. July 22, 1805; d. DeWitt, Ia., July 10, '77. Eight children, three living, all b. at the home four miles from Fairview: John, Oct., '32; Mary, Nov., '34; Urie, Aug., '36; Stewart, June, '38; Wm., Oct., '40; Martha, Jan., '43; Nancy E., April, '47; Anna, Jan., '50. Of these *Martha Jane*, b. Jan., '43, d. Jan., '44. The other seven all lived to or beyond middle age and had families.

1. *John McClenahan*,* M. S., retired, Manhattan, Ills., lawyer and teacher, mainly latter—b. Oct. 2, '32; Mad. C. and Miami U. gr. latter '58; 15th Ohio Inf. from beginning of Sept., '61, to close of Dec., '65, rising from capt. Co. B., which he raised in his own Guernsey Co., to lieut.-col., part time com'd'g regt.; once wounded; former member Kansas Legislature and regent Kan. State Univ.; school supt. in various cities and large towns, all in Ills., except the first before the war, Cambridge, O.; m. at Ottawa, Kan., Oct. 14, '69, to *Miss Frances Miriam Ricksecker*, daughter of Rev. Levi Ricksecker, b. Ohio, March 4, '46; educated Smithville Academy, O.; music teacher; principal Ottawa, Kan., schools, '65-'69. Seven children, all living:

Mrs. Eva (McClenahan) Wilson, M. D., Manhattan,

* Since deceased. See postscript.

Ill.—b. Ottawa, Ks., Sept. 30, '70; gr. Woman's Med. Col. of N. W. Univ., Chicago, June, '94; one year interne in hospital. Practiced profession 12 years until marriage, June 15, '07, to *Edward Lendrum Wilson*, farmer and banker, Manhattan, Ill., b. near Chicago, '70; educated N. W. Univ. One child—*Stewart Graham*, b. May 11, '09.

Mrs. Olive (McClenahan) Wetherhold, Macomb, Ill.—b. Ottawa, Ks., '71; gr. Lake Forest Univ., '96; post-gr. course, Chicago Univ.; teacher in various high schools seven years; m. in '03 to *William Wetherhold*, merchant, b. Macomb, Ill., '70; educ. in business college. Three children—*Louis Everett*, b. Aug. 29, '04; *Frances Olive*, June 15, '06; *Alfred McClenahan*, Aug. 4, '07.

Henry Stewart McClenahan, M. D., Oklahoma City, Okla.—b. Monmouth, Ill., April, '73; part course Lake Forest and Chicago U.; gr. Chicago Med. Col., '98; m., '98, in Chicago, to *Gertrude Lipe*, who d. '03. No children.

Mabel Anna and *Ethel Mowry McClenahan*, twins.*

Mabel Anna, R. N. (registered nurse), Manhattan, Ill. Part course Lake Forest College, Ill.; gr. St. Luke's Hospital Training School for Nurses, '03; practices in Chicago and vicinity.

Ethel Mowry, Manhattan, Ill., teacher; gr. Lake Forest College, Ill., 1900. Former principal Tracy, Minn., High School; later teacher in Joliet twp. high school.

John Robert and *Inez Lytle McClenahan*, twins—b. Knoxville, Ill., April 26, '82.

* Off every hat, and bonnet, too, to the one of our patriarchal tribes in which "twins is contagious" Six pairs to the credit of Uncle Robert's posterity, two pairs each to three of his children. Six other pairs have descended from our first parents, making twelve pairs in all.



COLONEL JOHN McCLENAHAN.

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John Robert, Madison, Wis., educ. in agl. depts. of Ills. and Wis. Univ's. in dairy course; employed in Wis. U.; m., '06, to *Miss Clara Hottsworth*, b. Madison, Wis., '06. Two children—*Helen Frances*, b. Dec., '06, Madison, Wis; *Muriel Marie*, b. Madison, Wis., Jan., '10.

Mrs. Inez Lytle (McClenahan) *Miner*, Adair, Ill.; gr. Lake Forest College, Ill., '06. Has taught in various city high schools, the last one being Joliet twp., Ill. m. Manhattan, Ill., Aug. 7, '10, to *Aaron Washington Miner*, B. S., farmer and stockman, Locust Grove Farm, Adair, Ill., b. Walnut Tree Farm, Adair, Ill., April 13, '82; gr. agl. dept. Ills. U., '04. Prominently connected with the advanced agl. interests of Ills.; specialties—Percheron horses, seed corn, cattle feeding.

2. *Mrs. Mary* (McClenahan) *Thomas*—b. Fairview, O., Nov., '34; m. April 1, '58; d. DeWitt, Ia., June 6, '83. *Joseph Moses Thomas*, brought up Londonderry, O. War service in Co. H. 185 O. Inf., 100-day regt. Moved with family from Ohio to DeWitt, Ia., '66. d. Nov. 10, '95, Monmouth, Ill.; both DeWitt Cem. Six children, four living.

Mrs. Abigail Jane (Thomas) *Hutcheson*, former teacher, b. Londonderry, O., Jan. 6, '59; m., Idana, Kas., March 13, '88; d., apoplexy, Idana, April 25, '95; Lincoln Cem., Clay Co., Kas. *Robert John Hutcheson*, farmer, Miltonvale, R. D., Kas., b. Londonderry, O., Jan. 11, '53. Three children—*Mrs. Edith* (Thomas) *Springstead*, b. Jan. 1, '90; m. Nov. 24, '10 (Thanksgiving), to *John Springstead*, farmer and sometimes teacher, Miltonvale, Kas.; *James Joseph*, b. Jan. 18, '92; *Lois*, b. March 28, 94.

Miss Nancy Salena Thomas, R. N., Monmouth, Ill.—
b. Londonderry, O., May 10, '61. Many years nurse.

John Newton Thomas, Denbigh, N. D., farmer—b. Londonderry, O., Aug. 7, '63; m. St. Paul Minn., Sept. 5, '93, to *Miss Lucy Anna Torrence*, b. Belle Center, O., Sept. 28, '68; reported not teacher like so many of our folk, but of old teacher stock; nine children, seven living: *Anna Steele*, b. Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 2, '94, prospective teacher; *Mary Helen*, b. St. Paul, May 5, '96; *David Joseph*, b. St. Paul, July 31, '97, d. Aug. 20, '97, Forest Cem., St. Paul; *Robert Torrence*, b. St. Paul, Nov. 25, '98; *Mabel Gertrude*, b. St. Paul, Feb. 5, '00, d. Aug. 20, Forest Cem.; *Arthur Raymond*, b. St. Paul, Jan. 16, '02; *John Edward*, b. St. Paul, May 2, '03; *Margaret Lucy*, b. St. Paul, Sept. 11, '04; *Ralph Edgar*, b. Star., N. D., May 10, '08. This family holds record for our fourth generation for number of births.

Robert McClenahan Thomas, D. O., Fort Scott, Ks.—
b. Londonderry, O., Nov. 14, '65; gr. Dixon, Ill., Business College; m. May 13, '91, at Scotch Grove, Ia; in business many years with Milne Mfg. Co., latterly of Monmouth, Ill.; gr. Am. School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo., '10. *Mrs. Lena Rachel (Applegate) Thomas*, b. Scotch Grove, Ia., March 27, '69. Six children, five living: *Lloyd Emerson*, b. Scotch Grove, Ia., Dec. 11, '92; *Marie*, b. Monmouth, Ill., Oct. 14, '94, d. July 22, '95; *Mary Elizabeth*, b. Monmouth, April 28, '96; *Anna Levard*, b. Monmouth, May 18, '97; *Robert Oliver*, b. Monmouth, May 24, '02; *Dorothy Angeline*, b. Monmouth, March 27, '04.

William Jonathan Thomas, school janitor, DeWitt, Ia.—b. DeWitt, Nov. 30, '67; m. Jan. 10, '94, to *Miss*

Alice Robb, b. DeWitt, Dec. 21, '71. Three children, all living: *Leota Fern*, b. July 13, '95; *Donald Robb*, Oct. 9, '97; *James Wesley*, Oct. 24, '01.

Anna Eliza Thomas, b. Jan. 27, '72; d. Feb., '95.

3. *Rev. James Urie McClenahan*—b. Fairview, O., Aug. 15, '36; taught; Mad. C. and Mon. C., gr. latter, '66; Mon. Theol. Sem., '67; Co. B. 15th O. V. I., '62-'65, serving throughout at front; m. Oct. 1, '67, at Morning Sun, Ia., by Rev. Jas. M. Henderson; pastorates, Wyoming, Davenport and Winterset, Ia., and Olathe, Ks.; d. as Olathe pastor, Oct. 12, '79, result of disease contracted in army. *Mrs. Margaret A. (Lorimer) McClenahan*, oldest child of late Rev. Wm. Lorimer, b. Richmond, O., Feb., '41; gr. B. S. Mad. C., '59; taught ten years before marriage, including Freedmen's Mission work at Vicksburg and Memphis; after bereavement, taught again in Olathe schools and in private; makes her home with her children. Five children, four living:

Rev. Wm. Lorimer McClenahan, Alexandria, Egypt—b. Morning Sun, Ia., July, '68; gr. Tarkio C., '92; Al. and Princeton Theol. Sems.; taught; missionary in Egypt since '98; m. July 22, '02, to Miss Jessie Hogg, of Egypt, by Rev. D. Woodside, Glasgow, Scotland. *Mrs. Jessie (Hogg) McClenahan*, oldest daughter of late Rev. Dr. John Hogg, distinguished pioneer missionary of Egypt; educ. in Egypt and Scotland; many years teacher in Pressly Inst., Asiut, Egypt, last six as prin.; d. Alexandria, March 4, '05, new-born daughter sleeping with her in Asiut, Egypt.

Prof. Robert Stewart McClenahan, Asiut, Egypt—b. Wyoming, Ia., June, '70; gr. Tarkio C.; post-gr. Yale; taught; m., Sept. 12, '97, Bellevue, Neb., by President

Thompson, of Tarkio College; he and wife, missionaries in educational work, in Egypt since Nov., '97; vice-pres't and dean Asiut College; the mission's representative in accompanying President Roosevelt through Egypt. *Mrs. Jeanette* (Wallace) *McClenahan*, not of our old Wallace stock but of an old-time Wooster, O., Wallace connection; educ. Tarkio C.; gr. nurse of New Haven, Conn., State Hospital, using variously her nurse education in mission work. Four children, three living: *Wm. Urie*, b. Feb. 9, '99; *Jas. Lorimer*, Dec. 4, '01, d. Dec. 29; *Robert Wallace*, March 12, '03; *Helen Jeanette*, Sept. 5, '07.

Rev. John Wallace McClenahan, Gary, Ind., pastor—b. Olena, Ill., April 25, '74; gr. Tarkio C., '95; Al. Sem.; former pastorate, Chicago; m. June 29, '05, by Rev. E. B. Stewart, to *Miss Mae Ida Blinn*, Chicago, former stenographer. One child—*Stewart James*, b. July 29, '07.

Prof. Francis Mitchell McClenahan, Tarkio, Mo.—b. Winterset, Ia., Jan. 27, '76; gr. Tarkio C., '96; post-gr. course in chemistry, Yale; m. Sept. 12, '05, Tarkio, by President Thompson, of Tarkio C., to *Miss Jennie Mae Lynn*. After professorships at state agl. C., Manhattan, Ks., and at Maryville C., Tenn., is now prof. in Tarkio C. *Mrs. Jennie Mae* (Lynn) *McClenahan*, gr. B. S. Tarkio C., '97; afterwards taught seven years. Two children—*Margaret Eliza*, b. Maryville, Tenn., May 9, '07; *Christina Louise*, Maryville, Tenn., Dec. 29, '09.

Chas. Irwin McClenahan—b. Winterset, Ia., March 26, '78; d. Olathe, Ks., Nov. 26, '79.

4. *Rev. Robert Stewart McClenahan*—b. Fairview, O., June 15, '38; taught; in 15th O. Inf. its entire service

of 4 yrs., 4 mos., '61 to '65, rising from corp. Co. B. to 1st lieut. Co. K.; twice wounded; gr. Mon. C., '74; gr. Xenia Sem.; m. Arkansas City, Ks., May 21, '79, to *Miss Martha Thompson*; pastor of various congs. until disabled by sickness; d., consumption, Monmouth, Ill., Aug. 12, '95; Mon. Cem. *Mrs. Martha* (Thompson) *McClenahan*, Topeka, Ks., daughter late Rev. David Thompson, D. D.—b. Clinton, Pa., Dec. 26, '48; taught; four children, all living—*William Thompson*, city civ. eng. Excelsior Spgs., Mo., b. Arkansas City, Ks., May 24, '80; taught; gr. civ. eng. Ills. U., '09; *Robert Urie*, clerk Santa Fe offices Topeka, Ks., b. Monmouth, Ill., Nov. 18, '82; m. Topeka, Nov. 22, '10, to *Miss Winnie Grace Schaefer*, b. Carbondale, Ks., Aug. 1, '86; *Jennie Lee*, teacher and stenographer, b. West Rushville, O., Aug. 18, '84; *Elizabeth Stewart*, teacher, b. West Rushville, O., Oct. 8, '86.

5. *William Francis McClenahan*, farmer, Miltonvale, Ks., b. Fairview, O., Oct. 15, '40; three years, '61-'64, Co. B. 15th Ohio and 152 Co. 2d Battalion V. R. C.;* severely wounded at Chicamauga; afterwards severely hurt accidentally at Nashville; m., Clyde, Ks., Jan. 26, '81.—*Mrs. Sarah Amanda* (Jacobs) *McClenahan*, former teacher, b. Youngstown, O., Oct. 13, '55. Eight children, five living: *Arthur Rex*, b. Wayne, Ks., Aug. 9, '82, d. Jan. 9, '83, Hollis Cem.; *Anna Margaret*, b. March 21, '84, d. Jan. 6, '85, Hollis Cem.; *Mrs. Alma Louise* (McC.) *Stepp*, Idana, Ks., b. Wayne, Ks., March 8, '86;

* The Veteran Reserve Corps (V. R. C.) consisted of those unfitted for service in the front, but able for lighter service in the rear. First battalion, with regimental organization and equipment, consisted of those less unfitted or disabled; second battalion, organized and numbered as companies, and armed with swords, consisted of those more disabled, usually, as in this case, by disabling wounds.

former teacher; m. Idana, May 15, '07, to *Edward V. Stepp*, farmer, b. Feb. 10, '84. One child—*Vera La Verne*, b. Dec. 15, '08. *Hazel Myrl* and *Wm. Earl*, twins, b. Wayne, Ks., June 12, '89; *Hazel* d. Dec. 22, '94, Hollis Cem.; *William Earl*, Miltonvale, farmer; *John Stewart* and *Robert Urie*, twins, farmers and high school students, b. Wayne, Ks., Sept. 13, '91; *Emma Ruth*, b. Wayne, March 18, '97.

6. *Mrs. Nancy Ellen* (McC.) *Blackwood*—b. Fairview, O., April 15, '47; m. DeWitt, Ia., April 4, '71; d. Idana, Feb. 5, '02; apoplexy; Lincoln Cem., Clay Co., Ks.; *William Blackwood*, farmer, Idana, Ks., b. Glencoe, O., Sept. 22, '47. Twelve children, nine living.

Daughter, b. and d. Olathe, Ks., Jan., '72.

Mrs. Anna Margaret (Blackwood) *Eisele* (Ize-ley), Santa Ana, Cal., b. Idana, Ks., Jan. 26, '73; ten years teacher; m. April 11, '06, to *Charles Thomas Eisele*, now orchardist, Santa Ana, Cal., b. Idana, Jan. 15, '70. No children.

Samuel Martin Blackwood, farmer, b. Idana, April 27, '74; m. Lyons, Ks., Dec. 25, '00. Instantly killed, Aug. 10, '10, in rear-end stock freight collision, 22 miles west of Kansas City; lost life in saving his boy when enroute with heavy shipment of stock; Lincoln Cem. *Mrs. Eva Elizabeth* (Manwarren) *Blackwood*, Idana, b. Lyons, Ks., Nov. 29, '77; former stenographer; gr. Bus. Col., Salina, Ks. Three children, all living—*Ellen Valera*, b. Idana, Oct. 8, '01; *Archie Leo*, March 21, '03; *Frances Mabel*, June 21, '05.

Mrs. Mabel Stewart (Blackwood) *Manwarren*, Miltonvale, Ks., b. Idana, June 13, '77; m. April 30, '02, to *Leo Dell Manwarren*, Miltonvale, farmer, brother of



REVEREND JAMES McCONNELL HENDERSON.



NANCY (McCLENAHAN) HENDERSON.

Mrs. S. M. Blackwood, b. Lyons, Ks., Sept. 3, '79. Four children—*William George*, b. March 1, '03; *Lester Irwin*, Feb. 17, '04; *Margaret Fay*, April 11, '06; *Irene May*, Jan. 4, '11.

Fanny Mary Blackwood, Kansas City, Mo., long-time teacher, now clerk in livestock commission office, b. Aug. 10, '78.

Robert Urie Blackwood, Idana, farmer, b. May 20, '80; m. Sept. 3, '02, to *Miss Rosetta Xemenia Kerr*, former teacher, b. Idana, Jan. 28, '79. Two children—*Henry George*, b. Aug. 18, '03; *Ellen Maria*, Sept. 18, '05.

Martha Belle Blackwood, homekeeper, b. March 5, '82.

Thomas Arthur and *James Irwin Blackwood*, twins, Idana, farmers, b. Aug. 18, '88.

Lorena Ellen and *Salena Frances Blackwood*, b. Oct. 26, '89; students, state normal, Emporia, Ks.

Son, b. and d. Nov. 26, '91; Lincoln Cem.

7. *Mrs. Anna Margaret* (McC.) *Howat*, DeWitt, Ia., b. Fairview, O., Jan., '50; taught; former home-keeper for her father; m. Jan. 27, '92, to *Jasper Howat*, carpenter, elder, b. in Scotland. Adopted boy, *Arthur Donald*, b. Dec. 5, '95

V. THE MRS. NANCY (McCLENAHAN) HENDERSON FAMILY.

Mrs. Nancy (McC.) *Henderson*—b. New York City, enroute from Ireland, June 20, 1812; m. Fairview, O., Oct. 3, '32, by Samuel Findley, D. D.; d. Swanwick, Ill., June 3, '83;* chronic bronchitis and general breakdown;

* All the deaths thus far in this family except two, beside a number of other important events, have been in June. Room thus for June taboo equal to that of Friday or 13. Also all the deceased except parents and one daughter lie in different cemeteries, mainly churchyards, far from each other.

Bethel Churchyard, Swanwick. *Rev. James McConnell Henderson*, b. Washington Co., Pa., Feb. 28, '05; gr. Franklin C., '30; Canonsbury Theol. Sem., '33. Pastor various churches in Ind., O., Ia. and Ills.; d. Swanwick, Ill., June 9, '90, inf. of old age; Bethel Churchyard. Seven children, two living. Of these, *Martha*, b. S. Hanover, Ind., July 4, '33, d. June 23, '34; Carmel Churchyard; *James Wilson*, b. Claysville, O., Sept. 13, '46; d., Claysville, Sept. 28, '53; dysentery; East Union Churchyard. The remaining five married, four with children.

I. *Mrs. Mary Eleanor* (Henderson) *Miller*—b. S. Hanover, Ind., March 14, '35; part course Musk. C.; long-time teacher; m. Poland, O., June 28, '65; d. near Bryan, O., June 11, '73, leaving infant of a day—son; West Bethesda Churchyard. *Rev. Geo. Marquis Miller*, b. Norwich, O., Sept. 5, '26; gr. Musk. C., '50; Prof. Musk. C.; gr. Western Theol. Sem., Allegheny, Pa., '63; m. former college pupil; pastor one cong'n, West Bethesda, near Bryan, O., '63-'03, 40 years; d. Bryan, O., July 4, '07; West Bethesda Churchyard. Three sons, all living.

Robert Reed Miller, Toledo, O., mech. and elec. eng.—b. near Bryan, O., May 21, '67; part course Knox Col., Galesburg, Ill., and Ohio U., mech. and elec. eng. dept. of latter; elder; taught; m. May 12, '97, to *Miss Elizabeth Reynolds*, orphan ward of W. E. Stough, Bryan, who d. Toledo, O., March 19, '07, pneumonia. Two children—*Esther Lucile*, b. '98; *Margaret May*, '01.

James Henderson Miller, Christiansburg, O., druggist, b. near Bryan, O., July 4, '69; gr., pharmacy, N. W. Univ., Chicago; on Thanksgiving, '93, m. *Miss Anna*

Carlstadt, Defiance, O., who d. March 30, '95. One child—*Geo. Gail*, b. Oct. 11, '94. m. (second time) Aug. 21, '97, to *Miss Emily R. Smith*, Sherwood, O., b. Aug. 9, '67.

Matthew Jabez Miller, Bryan, O., farmer, b. near Bryan, June 10, '73; m., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 26, '96, to *Miss Anna Belle Hayes*, b. Chattanooga, June 18, '73. Three children, two living—*Geo. Hayes*, b. Feb. 1, '97; d. Oct. 13, '97; cholera infantum; West Bethesda Churchyard; *Ormon Durell*, b. April 19, '99; *Floyd Devere*, May 11, '03.

2. *Andrew McFarland Henderson*—b. S. Hanover, Ind., April 10, '38; grain com., Chicago; elder; m. Cincinnati, O., Dec. 17, '61; d. Chicago, June 2, '96; Spg. Grove Cem., Cincinnati. *Mrs. Agnes Louise* (Thompson) *Henderson*, b. Cin'ti, April 10, '43, just five years after husband; d. Chicago, Nov. 19, '91; cancer; Spg. Grove Cem., Cin'ti, O. Six children, three living.

Ida May Henderson—b. St. Louis, Nov. 11, '62; d. Chicago, May 26, '69; Spg. Grove Cem., Cin'ti, O.

Harry James Henderson, Chicago, clerk, b. St. Louis, Oct. 28, '66; m. Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 19, '96, to *Miss Mabel A. Carley*, b. Chicago, July 18, '72; part course Knox and Lombard colleges, Galesburg, Ill.; was book-keeper. No children.

Mrs. Ada Thompson (Henderson) *Frem*, Portland, Ore., b. Chicago, July 17, '70; m. Dec. 3, '96, to *John Broadbent Frem*, b. Walden, N. Y., March, '63; mgr. Fairbanks, Morse & Co.'s branch house, Portland, Ore. Two children—*Horace Henderson*, b. Chicago, Oct. 13, '98; *Agnes Anada*, b. Chicago, Feb. 17, '01.

Infant daughter, b. and d. Chicago, Aug. 2, '74; Spg. G. Cem., Cin'ti, O.

Frank Clifford Henderson, b. Chicago, Oct. 14, '76; d. Chicago, June 17, '03; Spg. G. Cem., Cin'ti, O.

Mrs. Grace Mabel (Henderson) *Hedges*, Portland, Ore., b. Chicago, Nov. 30, '82; m. Chicago, March 21, '05, to *Samuel Gilleland Hedges*, b. Chicago, Sept. 23, '82; son of Dr. Hedges, Chicago; employe Fairbanks Morse & Co. One child—*Margaret Louise*, b. Portland, Aug. 13, '06

3. *Mrs. Margaret Jane* (Henderson) *Elliott*—b. South Hanover, Ind., June 7, '41; part course Musk. C.; long-time teacher; m., by her father, Oakdale, Ill., Oct. 10, '76, as second wife, to Rev. J. C. Elliott; d. Sept. 11, '10, Swanwick, Ill.; cancer; Bethel Churchyard. *Rev. James Couch Elliott*, b. Sparta, Ill., Jan. 6, '30; gr. Ind. State U., '60; Mon. Theol. Sem.; d. Swanwick, June 29, '08, general breakdown; rests in Bethel Churchyard, in parish where pastor over quarter century. No childrey of second marriage. One son of first marriage, since dead.

4. *Rev. John McClenahan Henderson*, Traer, Ia., b. S. Hanover, Ind., Dec. 17, '43; taught; Musk. and Westm'r C.; gr. latter '64; recruit Co. B. 15th O. V. V. I. and Co. D. 5th Regt. V. R. C., Aug., '64-Sept, '65; gr. Mon. Sem., '68; m. Monmouth, Ill., by Rev. Dr. D. A. Wallace, Nov. 5, '68; pastor various cong's in Ill. and Ia., doing, later, fill-in work as needed. *Mrs. Elizabeth Ann* (Campbell) *Henderson*, b. West Newton, Pa., Aug. 4, '44. Second daughter of elder M. D. Campbell; part course Mon. C.; d. Gibson, Ia., Nov. 17, '05; cancer; City Cem., Monmouth, Ill. Five children, three living.

James Campbell Henderson, b. Monmouth, Ill., Nov. 8, '69; part course Mon. C.; m. Hanover, Ill., March 22, '00, by his father; elder in two cong's; grocery and produce, Traer, Ia.; d., hospital, Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 26, '08, appendicitis; Cem., Hanover, Ill. *Mrs. Mary Irvine* (Speer) *Henderson*, Traer, Ia., second daughter elder James R. Speer, Hanover, Ill., b. Hanover, April 4, '67; part course Mon. C. and Ill. State Normal; long-time teacher. Two children—*Corinne Elizabeth*, b. Nov. 22, '01; *Roger Campbell*, April 25, '06.

Miss Anna Mabon Henderson, Traer, Ia., teacher, b. Monmouth, Ill., Feb. 23, '72; part course Mon. C. and Iowa State Normal; taught six years Freedmen's College, Knoxville, Tenn.

William Marshall Henderson, Traer, Ia., soon to move to Arapahoe, Colo.; until recently, grocery and produce; b. Elmira, Ill., March 25, '74; part course Mon. C.; taught; m., Traer, Ia., Sept. 12, '00, by his father,* to *Mary Thompson Young*, b. of Scottish parentage, Traer, May 17, '76; part course Mon. C. Two children—*Lois Elizabeth*, June 14, '05; *Agnes Mabon*, July 25, '07.

Arthur Wilson Henderson, b. Elmira, Ill., July 7, '76. Learned jewelry trade and business; Mon. C., classical, until senior year, when, in California in temporary agency, d., hospital, Oakland, Cal., Nov. 19, '99, typhoid malarial fever. Cem., Mon., Ill. Had been preparing for the ministry.

Charles Elliott Henderson, Port Arthur, Ont., civ. eng. on special work, b. Elmira, Ill., Jan. 16, '79; part course Mon. C.; gr. civ. eng. Ills. U., '06; in senior year was

* This parson has done all the marrying in his own family. Had to in order to keep in sight of his almost twin cousin, H. F. Wallace, D. D., who, with never a child of his own, has married all his kin in reach.

col. of regt. of cadets;* before and after graduation civ. eng. on various roads; one year inst'r in alma mater; deacon; m. by his father, Champaign, Ill., Dec. 26, '06, to *Miss Gertrude Patterson*, b. Strathroy, Ont., April 6, '78; gr. as nurse, Brantford, Ont., Dec., '99; nurse until marriage.†

5. *Mrs. Elizabeth Caroline* (Henderson) *Adair*, Sterling, Kans., b. Claysville, O., Jan. 16, '53; gr. first honors Academy, Grandview, Ia.; long-time teacher; m. by her father, Swanwick, Ill., July 12, '83, as second wife to *Capt. William Miles Adair*, former farmer and merchant of Swanwick, Ill., b. Chester, Ill., Jan. 6, '37; in 30th Ills. Inf., Aug., '61, to July, '65, rising from ord. serg't to capt.; prisoner of war from battle of Atlanta, July 22, '64, for two months, until exchanged in time for march to sea; many years elder; retired at Sterling, Ks. Two children—*Nannie Blanche*, teacher, b. Swanwick, Ill., Aug. 20, '84; gr. Cooper C., '08; teacher high school Ness City, Kans; *William James*, b. Swanwick, Ill., May 25, '88; class of '12, Cooper C.

VI. THE MRS. ELLEN (McCLENAHAN) ANDERSON FAMILY.

Mrs. Eleanor (McC.) *Anderson*—b. New Athens, O., March 9, '14; m. S. Hanover, Ind., by Rev. Jas. M. Henderson, Feb. 9, '36; d. July 20, '91, Cedar Rapids, Ia., paralysis; Washington, Ia., Cem. *John Lang Anderson*, farmer, b. S. Hanover, Ind., June 22, '14; long-time

* To keep up equilibrium in family, father preaching peace and son preparing for war. Just the thing!

† One more pitiful case of nurse captured by patient intent on first-class nursing gratis for life!

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JOHN LANG ANDERSON.



ELEANOR (McCLENAHAN) ANDERSON.

elder; d. Washington, Ia., Sept., '76; probably appendicitis or stricture; Washington Cem. Nine children, all living past youth, four now living.*

1. *Miss Janet Eliza Anderson*—b. S. Hanover, Ind., Nov. 27, '37; teacher and matron; d. June 25, '91, Cedar Rapids; paralysis; Washington, Ia., Cem.

2. *John Wallace Anderson*, grocer, Orlando, Fla.—b. S. Hanover, Ind., Sept. 28, '39; recruit Co. C. 19th Ia. Inf., Jan. 4, '64, to Aug., '65; m. South Ryegate, Vt., Dec. 11, '73, to *Miss Adeth Bell Gibson*, who d., Washington, Ia., Feb. 19, '77; diphtheria. Two children—*Roy Gibson*, b. Nov. 8, '74, d. Feb. 13, '77, diphtheria; *John Lloyd*, b. Aug. 15, '76, d. April 26, '91; both Cem. Ryegate, Vt. m., second time, S. Ryegate, Vt., May 31, '81, to *Miss Emily J. Gibson*, sister of former wife. No children by second marriage. Mr. A. long-time elder at Orlando; with wife engaged much in evangelistic work; d. of various infirmities, Bright's disease at last, Orlando, Aug. 28, '10.

3. *James Sturges Anderson*, com. merchant—b. S. Hanover, Ind., Oct., '41; student Ia. U.; Co. C. 19th Ia. Inf., Aug., '62, till close of war, part time as Q. M. sergt.; taken prisoner battle of Prairie Grove, Ark.; prisoner 9 mos., mainly at Camp Tyler, Tex.† m. (1) Monmouth, Ill., Oct., '70, by Rev. Dr. J. R. Doig, bride's father, to *Miss Mary Grace Doig*, educ. at Washington Col., Ia., teacher, who d., Des Moines, Dec. 25, '81; Des Moines Cem. m. (2), Ellsworth, Kans., June 10, '82, to *Miss*

*Two since deceased. See Postscript.

†He used to tell this incident, confirmed by at least one other, as illustrative of power of prayer. When, at one place, suffering greatly for pure water, a number of prisoners, including himself, banded together to pray therefor. Next morning they found a fine spring. Somewhat like Providence Spring, Andersonville prison pen, greatest spring, historically, in U. S.

Eliza Jeanette Doig, music teacher, sister of former wife, who survives. Mr. A. d. Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 25, '88, his decease, like that of first wife, seven years before, being on Christmas; Bright's disease; Des Moines Cem. Four children of first marriage, three living; none of second marriage.

Agnes Estelle Anderson, d. in infancy.

John Howard Anderson, Bridgewater, S. D., bank cashier and mgr., b. Oct. 11, '73; business education. *Mrs. Gertrude (Myers) Anderson*, b. April 17, '83. Three children—*Stuart Doig*, b. March 19, '05; *Evalyn Jeanette*, b. July 16, '07; *John Lang*, b. June 9, '09.

Mrs. Helen Hester (Anderson) Dana, St. Clairsville O., clerk, b. Aug. 8, '76; educ. Mon. C.; teacher; m. Dec. 29, '01, Monmouth, Ill., by T. C. Pollock, D. D., to *Rev. Dana C. Johnson*, minister and lyceum lecturer, then pastor Iowa City, Ia.; college and theol. education, Witterberg C., Springfield, O.; d. as pastor Cin'ti, O., Nov. 13, '06; diphtheria; Cem. at Des Moines. Two children—*Dana Howard*, b. Cin'ti, O., May 16, '04; *Malcolm Doig*, Cin'ti, O., Oct. 6, '05.

Mrs. Louise Grace (Anderson) Free, St. Clairsville, O., b. Nov. 12, '78; gr. Mon. C., 1900; some years teacher; m. Cin'ti, Sept. 15, '04, by Rev. D. C. Johnson, to *Rev. Lytle Rogers Free*, son of Rev. Dr. Peter Free; gr. Mon. C., '01, Allegheny Sem., '04; pastor St. Clairsville, O. One child—*James Rogers*, b. St. Clairsville, Aug. 6, '09.

4. *Mrs. Mary Jane (Anderson) Buchanan*, Cedar Rapids, Ia., b. S. Hanover, Ind., Dec. 27, '43; part course Washington C. (extinct), Washington, Ia.; long-time teacher; m., Washington, Ia., July 14, '85, by her uncle,

Rev. James Brown, D. D., to *William Buchanan*, b. Balfron, Scotland; educ. partly in Glasgow; long a leader in business and other enterprises of the Cedar Rapids region, who d. Cedar Rapids, June 8, '90, Bright's disease; Cem., C. Rapids.

5. *Nancy* ("Nannie") *Anderson*—b. S. Hanover, Ind., Feb. 9, '46; gr. normal dept. Ia. U., a dept. subsequently organized as state normal; teacher in town schools, the last one Avoca, Ia.; d. Jan. 3, '90, Cedar Rapids, diabetes; Cem. Washington, Ia.

6. *William Brown Anderson*, lawyer and real estate, b. S. Hanover, Ind., '48; gr. collegiate and law depts., Ia. U.; many years citizen Jennings, La., sometimes in office; m. Corning, Ia., Jan. 5, '86; d. Tours infirmary, New Orleans, May, 1900, Bright's disease; Cem. Jennings, La. *Mrs. Abigail Emily* (Allen) *Anderson*, Decatur, Ga., b. Wyoming, Wis., Jan. 19, '56; helper to daughters in obtaining education. Two daughters—*Jennie Eleanor*, teacher, Atlanta; gr. B. A. Agnes Scott woman's college, Decatur, '10; *Grace*, student Agnes Scott College, class '13.

7. *David McClenahan Anderson*, Spokane, Wash., law and real estate, b. S. Hanover, Ind., Feb. 25, '51; gr. col. and law depts., Ia., U.; never married.

8. *Mrs. Anna Margaret* (Anderson) *Fisher*, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; b. S. Hanover, Ind., Jan. 4, '54; m. Washington, Ia., by her uncle, Rev. James Brown, D. D., May 17, '81; teacher many years in C. Rapids, Ia., high school; post-graduate course Chicago U. *Rev. Junius Aiken Fisher*, b. Portersville, Pa., '54; gr. Mon. C., '78; Xenia Sem., '81; accepted first pastorate Greeley, Colo.;

d. Washington, Ia., Oct. 4, '81; consumption; Cem. Washington, Ia.

9. *Miss Rachel Emma Anderson*, "Em," Cedar Rapids, Ia.; b. S. Hanover, Ind., May 29, '57; part course Ills. Normal; long-time teacher Cedar Rapids schools.

VII. THE MRS. MARGARET (McCLENAHAN) WATSON FAMILY.

Mrs. Margaret Carson (McC.) Watson, twin to James, b. New Athens, O., Aug. 14, '16; m. S. Hanover, Ind., on protracted visit to her two sisters there, by Rev. James M. Henderson, probably in '37 or '38; d. at home of her brother, Robert McC., DeWitt, Ia., Jan. 15, '89; consumption; DeWitt Cem.; William S. Watson, mechanic, elder; d. at long-time home Madison, Ind., Feb. 27, '66. No children.

VIII. THE JAMES McCLENAHAN FAMILY.

James McClenahan, twin to Mrs. Watson, farmer—b. New Athens, O., Aug. 14, '16; m. Belmont Co., O., June 17, '42; inherited parental homestead, Fairview; county com'r; d. March 17, '87, spinal meningitis; Fairview Churchyard. *Mrs. Grizzella M. (Stewart*) McClenahan*, b. eastern Ohio, Aug. 10, '22; d. April 14, '87, four weeks after husband; neuralgia of heart. Nine children, all born near Fairview at same farmhome. All lived till grown. Five living.

1. *Samuel Wallace McClenahan*, b. April 23, '43; Co.

* Four McClenahans have taken Stewart wives, only two of them previously related to each other, and they remotely. When twitted with the necessity of Stewarts (managers) for home management, doleful regret is expressed at the failure of the rest of us to share their fortune!



MARGARET (MCCLLENHANA) WATSON.



WILLIAM S. WATSON.



GRIZZELLA M. (STEWART) McCLENAHAN.



JAMES McCLENAHAN.

B. 15th O. from its organization by his cousin, '61, until fatally wounded in the reg'ts first battle, second day of Shiloh, April 7, '62*; d. at home, May 5, '62; Fairview Churchyard.

2. *John William McClenahan*, b. Sept. 19, '44; attended Mad. C. short time; Co. E. 129th O. from '63 until death, army hospital, Cleveland, O., March 17, '64; diphtheria following measles; Fairview Churchyard.

3. *Robert Urie McClenahan* ("Bob"), Medford, Ore., b. Oct. 18, '46; m. to *Miss Rebecca M. Tidrick*, Londonderry, O.; since leaving Ohio has lived in Ia., Colo. and Oregon. Data meager. Two children.

Emmet Howard McClenahan, Greeley, Colo., real estate, b. Fairview, O., Dec. 4, '70; m. April 17, '95, to *Amelia Frederika Ansbach*, b. Sidney, Ia., Sept. 29, '74. No children.

Mrs. Etta (McC.) *Shearer*, m. to *Everett Shearer*, M. D., Medford, Ore. Boy and girl. No farther data.

4. *Mrs. Mary Jane* (McC.) *Tidrick*, b. Dec. 10, '48; taught; m. Dec. 7, '71, by Rev. A. H. Caldwell; d., neuralgia of heart, Sept. 20, '96, Londonderry Cem. *David Marshall Tidrick*, Londonderry, O., farmer. Three children, one living.

James McClenahan Tidrick, Pittsburgh, Pa., traveling salesman, b. Oct. 3, '72; m. Aug. 1, '09, to *Miss Martha Marlin*, bookkeeper.

William and *John Tidrick*, twins, b. March 27, '76; d. July 20 and 22.

5. *Mrs. Pernicia Anne* (McC.) *Shipley* ("Necie")—

* Was in Grant's army that came to Buell's support. While lying down aiming for first fire, he was struck in instep of right foot and calf of left leg. Gun not fired. Wounds, specially former, long undressed, led to gangrene and death.

b. June 6, '50 or '51; m. Jan. 8, '72, by Rev. A. H. Caldwell; d. Aug. 9, '10; Fairview Churchyard. *McGinness Shipley*, longtime Fairview, O.; Hotchkiss, Colo., since wife's decease. Five children, three living.

Harry Clifton Shipley, Indianapolis, moulder—b. '72; m. Southport, Ind., July 5, '94, to *Miss Ada Bradley*, Greenwood, Ind. Three children, two living—*Ralph Hermond*, b. June 15, '95; *Rolla C.*, b. Dec. 16, '97; d. Feb. 4, '01; *Gladys*, b. Feb. 4, '00.

*Mrs. Nancy Finetta** (Shipley) *Bond*, Fairview, O.—b. Sept. 6, '74; m. Oct. 4, '93, to *Elmer Ellsworth Bond*, Fairview. Five children, three living—*David Dale*, b. '94; *Hobart*, b. Aug. 2, '96; d. Oct. 17, '01; *Hazel Marie*, b. '99; *Florence Stanley*, Feb. 12, '02, d. Aug. 3; *Roy McClenahan*, b. '04.

Edgar Tolbert Shipley, b. June 3, '77; d. Aug. 23, '08.

Mary Grizella Shipley, b. Sept. 20, '79; d. Sept., '81.

James Henderson Shipley, Columbus, O., machinist, b. Oct. 25, '81; m. Sept. 12, '07; overseer Panhandle machine shops, Columbus; *Nina* (wife), b. Christmas, '81.

The *Rev. Prof. David A. McClenahan, D.D., LL.D.*, † Allegheny, Pa., b. Feb. 24, '53; Musk. C., '76; Al. and X. Sems.; gr. latter '81; Prof. Al. Sem. since '85; Ch. Com. Rev. of Ps.; Mod. U. P. Gen. Ass., '09; various other positions; lecturer on Bible topics. m. July 15, '84, to *Mary Luella Stewart*, Monroe, O. Seven children, six living: *Mary Lucile*, b. July 24, '86, Musk. C. class '11; *Wallace Stewart*, Dec. 6, '88; *Howard Finney*, Aug. 26, '92; *Margaret Ashton*, Sept. 19, '95; *David Donald*, Dec.

* Namesake of her aunt, Mrs. Nannie Finney, of Egypt, second part of name changed to feminine form.

† Now Cousin Dave might divide up that name and run it in sections.

4, '97; *Robert Eugene*, Aug. 30, '99, d. Aug., 1900; *James Everett*, Sept., '01.

7. *Mrs. Nancy (McC.) Finney*—b. Dec. 5, '55; gr. Musk. C., '76; post-gr. course Mt. Holyoke Sem., Mass.; taught; m. by Rev. Dr. David Paul, June 29, '82; missionary ever since at various places in northern Egypt. *Thos. Johnson Finney, D. D.*, Alexandria, Egypt, b. Jefferson Co., Ohio, Sept. 12, '52; gr. Musk. C., '78; post-gr. Princeton U.; Xenia Sem., '82; missionary in Egypt since that year. Six children, three living: *Mary Luella*, b. Cairo, Egypt, May 22, '83, d. Monsoura, Oct. 4, '83; *Ethel*, b. Monsoura, Jan. 25, '85; gr. Westm'r C., '06; teaching, high school, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *David Dales* and *Davida Margaret*, b. Monsoura, Sept. 8, '87; former d. Aug. 2, '88; sleeps in Alexandria; latter gr. Westm'r C., '09, now in Egypt; *Clarence McClenahan*, b. Aital, Mt. Lebanon, Syria, Aug. 30, '89; West'm C. Class '11; *Wm. Herbert Lowry*, b. Monsoura, Oct. 8, '91, d. Mansfield, O., May 10, '92.

8. *James Henderson McClenahan*, New Concord, O., about to move to Nampa, Idaho; farmer, near Fairview until recently; elder; part course Musk. and Mon. C.; taught; was county com'r; m., Fairview, Jan. 8, '84, to *Ocenia Ellen Turkle*. Three children: *Eula*, missionary, Monsoura, Egypt, b. Oct. 20, '84; gr. Musk. C., '07; *Raymond*, Nampa, Idaho, b. July 19, '86; taught; Musk. C., '10; *Mary Grizella*, student Musk. C., b. April 11, '91.

9. *Arthur Morrison McClenahan*, Greeley, Colo., loans, real estate and insurance, elder, b. Sept. 29, '60; m. May 22, '88, to *Jennie Stewart*, b. near Londonderry, O., July 23, '63. Five children, the two daughters living: *Stella*,

b. Jetmore, Ks., March 17, '89, student Mon. C.; *John Stewart*, b. Greeley, March 7, '94, d. Sept. 3; *Grace Elizabeth*, b. Nov. 25, '95; *Hugh Wallace*, b. Greeley, May 17, '99, d. May 14, '05, tubercular meningitis; *Robert Arthur*, b. Greeley, Oct. 21, 1900, d. Jan. 27, '01. The three boys sleep in Linn Grove Cem., Greeley.

IX. THE DR. DAVID McCLENAHAN FAMILY.

David McClenahan, M. D., b. Fairview, O., Jan. 1, '20 or '21; short time at Musk. C. and at S. Hanover C., Ind.; was a California "forty-niner" with fair success; gr. Sterling Med. Col., Columbus, O., in '52 or '53; m. Barnesville, O., near his old home, May 25, '53; practiced his profession at Fairview and at Cedar Rapids, Ia., until retired for old age; during Civil War was medical examiner for 16th Ohio congressional dist.; d. at home of his son Robert, Cedar Rapids, Feb. 25, '06; Oakhill Cem. *Mrs. Parmelia (Grier) McClenahan*, daughter of Wm. Grier, farmer, b. July 6, '27; d. Cedar Rapids, July 20, '93; Oakhill Cem. Four children, one living.

1. *Mary Guernsey McClenahan*, b. Fairview, Jan. 11, '55; part course Mon. C.; many years teacher Cedar Rapids High School; d., Cedar Rapids, June 1, 1900; cancer; Oakhill Cem.

2. *Infant son*, b. Fairview, May 22, '56, d. June 18; Fairview Churchyard.

3. *John William McClenahan* ("Will")—b. Fairview, April 27, '58; m. Cedar Rapids, Oct. 15, '83; boot and shoe business and traveling salesman for eastern shoe houses; d. Cedar Rapids, March 25, '02; pneumonia; Oakhill Cem. *Mrs. Ellen May (Cooper) McClenahan*,



PARKELLA (GRIER) MCLENAHAN.



DAVID MCLENAHAN, M. D.



WILLISON BUTLER WHITE.



RACHEL WALKER (MCCLENAHAN) WHITE.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., b. near La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 15, '64; brought up there and at Cedar Rapids. One child—*Margaret Ellen*, b. Cedar Rapids, Sept. 30, '00.

4. *Robert Francis McClenahan* ("Bob"), Cedar Rapids, Ia.—b. Fairview, O., May 26, '60; many years member of well-known clothing firm, Armstrong & McClenahan; m. Cedar Rapids, by Rev. J. A. Monteith, Sept. 23, '85, to *Edith Slonaker*, b. C. Rapids, Nov. 1, '60. Four children: *Mary Edith*, b. C. Rapids, Feb. 19, '88, "home girl;" *Thomas David*, b. Feb. 16, '90, second year state agl. coll., Ames, Ia.; *Martha Gillette*, b. Feb. 28, '91, Freshman Wis. U.; *Robert Francis, Jr.*, b. Aug. 1, '92.

X. THE MRS. RACHEL (McC.) WHITE FAMILY.

*Mrs. Rachel Wallace** (McC.) *White*—b. Fairview, Sept. 1, '23, m. Fairview, probably by Rev. Dr. S. Findley, April 14, '47; d., College Spgs., Ia., Jan. 12, '80, apoplexy; Maple Hill Cem. *Willison Butler White*, b. Washington Co., Pa., Sept. 12, '22; came in childhood to New Concord, O., region; part course Musk. C.; taught, in all, 65 terms in country and village schools; in Co. A. (New Concord Co.) 15th Ohio its entire service of four years, four months; regimental hospital steward throughout, always at front; his second and third marriages unhappy; d. Hill City, S. D., Sept. 19, '06, of old age. No children. Reared *Caroline Wallace*, orphan, who, with her husband, *William Hatfield*, lives in comfortable retirement at Clarinda, Ia. Billy was in 15th Ohio in first three mos. service, and on the regiment's reorganiza-

* Some records have it Walker.

tion went again, in Co. A, serving at front throughout the regiment's four years, four months.

APPENDIX A—SOUVENIRS.

Until recently our people gave little attention to ancestral souvenirs, and there are comparatively few to report. Of the shawls and tablecloths brought by grandfather from Ireland on his return from one or more of his visits, shawl and tablecloth for each of his daughters, possibly also for his daughters-in-law, some are yet carefully preserved by posterity, the much-worn esteemed none the less therefor. Those belonging to the childless aunts, Margaret and Rachel, passed into the hands of nephews or nieces. The Andersons, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have a beautiful night-cap, knit by grandmother for her own use in the long, long ago, when people took time to do things. Robert F. McClenahan, of Cedar Rapids, only survivor of uncle David's immediate family, has a pair of ancestral brass candlesticks and a large clock. Relating to the latter, there was a peculiar and touching incident to which former generations would have attached more importance than would we. It kept time all right until when uncle passed away, but has refused to run regularly since. A long corner clock, reaching from floor to ceiling, given to grandfather by his loved neighbor and kinsman, David Wallace, by whom it had been rebuilt, passed down to Rev. Dr. D. A. Wallace, grandson of both. The frame, but not the works, was destroyed by the fire which consumed Dr. Wallace's home at Monmouth, Ill. A new frame was made and the clock is said to be in the pos-

session of Dr. Wallace's oldest grandson, Harry U. Wallace, civil engineer and railroad manager, Boone, Ia. The most important souvenirs are rightly in possession of J. H. McClenahan, until recently of the old Fairview neighborhood. His father, who cared for the old couple and inherited the homestead, inherited also its various belongings, which in turn passed to his home-abiding son. Among his souvenirs are the priceless family Bibles with their family records, so helpful in the preparation of this write-up. Also letters from the two, of the original family, who remained in Ireland. Doubtless there are other souvenirs here and there. But the best souvenir of all is that which the eye seeth not. A historian calls attention to the abiding character of unwritten speech, though mere breath. More abiding yet, and vastly more abiding than clock or book or old spinning wheel, is genuine character, as salted as the seas, as enduring as the Ohio hills.

APPENDIX B—THE SCATTERING OF THE CLAN.

For many years four of the populous descendant families, beside the aged couple, lived at or near the old Fairview home. For many recent years only one descendant family, of the next generation, lived not at but very near to the old spot. The old homestead passed into other hands, but J. H. McClenahan, grandson to the patriarch, reared his family on an adjoining farm. An older sister, Mrs. Neechie Shipley, recently deceased, with husband and family, lived closer to Fairview. Now both those families are elsewhere, and of the populous

old stock only a Shipley son-in-law, Bond, with family, lives, not just in the old neighborhood, but at Fairview, four miles away. Thus gone from the old sod is the old name, and so nearly the old stock. And Fairview itself, with its sacred memories, is little else than a memory, its mail supplied by rural route. It seems sad, but it is a kind of history that in smaller or larger spheres has been always and everywhere, and it is not for us to mourn. Now the posterity is scattered in twenty-one states, or, counting the dust of the departed, in twenty-five states, besides Canada, Egypt and (temporarily) Mexico; the largest representations being in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Colorado. May a blessing come alike to the old sod, in the places thereof being well-occupied by worthy successors of our folk, and to all the new places whither they have gone.

APPENDIX C—CHANGES IN NAMES.

Names of persons and places shift and change curiously and widely before becoming fixed. We note many examples of this, for instance, in Bible names. So in ours. Urie, in our various data, is spelled Urey, Urrey and Urie. And Mrs. Bernice B. McIlhinney, aged niece of grandmother, says that in her travels she found an older spelling, Uri, at least for a numerous side line in Switzerland. McClenahan was spelled in the family Bible record McLenahan. And there have been other variations. By some one's mistake it is spelled Mc-Clanahan on the patriarchal gravestone at Fairview. Likely some one will try to prove thereby that that is the right name. Pity that it cannot now be well corrected.

APPENDIX D—THE URIE LINE.

Grandmother Mary Urie, affectionately known to the collateral kindred as aunt Mollie, was oldest daughter, perhaps first-born, of Robert Urie, and was the first of the parent family to move to this country. Her brother Francis was the next. A sister, Mrs. Isabel Bell, brought her family over in '41, a few years after decease of her husband. They lived a while in the Fairview neighborhood, and there are still lingering traditions of their beauty and accomplishments. In a few years they moved elsewhere. Of the second generation, nieces of grandmother, one survives, Mrs. Bernice B. (John) McIlhinney, Germantown, Pa., in the sacred borderland of fourscore, who yet, with her clear mind and graceful diction and penmanship, has been a marked help in the preparation of this record. She is well-known to some of our eastern folk, such as the R. Turnbull and Prof. D. A. McClenahan families, who are always welcome to her fine hospitable home and her warm heart. Some years after the Bells, another widowed sister, Mrs. Nancy Henry, came over with at least part of her family. They seem to have gone to the neighborhood of her childless brother Francis, Princeton, Ky. The oldest Urie brother, Robert, and a sister, Mrs. Betty Garrett, never came over, though five of the Garrett sons did, making their homes also in the neighborhood of their uncle Francis, at least in part and for a time. Some of the Henrys and Garretts are said to be still in that region. The Garretts have been represented in the wholesale mercantile business at Leavenworth, Kans., and at St. Louis. The only survivors of the generation

following that of grandmother are Mrs. McIlhinney, above mentioned, and Mrs. Susannah (Garrett) Hammond, of Ireland, away up in her nineties. A kinswoman writes Mrs. McIlhinney about a recent visit from her aunt Susannah. She insisted, notwithstanding her dull hearing, on attending evening church services with the family. On the return she, on being asked as to the sermon, answered that she couldn't hear, "but I just passed the time repeating the 119th psalm." Thinking it an old lady's fancy, they promised her a prize if she would then repeat it. She won the prize, a nice dress cap. The kinswoman asked Mrs. McIlhinney if any woman of 93 in America could do that. Not likely, our dear, fair third or fourth cousin. Many a reputed church-worker would be bothered to find that longest psalm, or the book to which it belongs, or any book of the Bible. But what of that? Behold how we can beat it to a frazzle! We have many a youth who, before the preacher reaches his secondly, can tell the last stage reached in the penny-a-line continued story in the Sabbath-school paper, given out at close of Sabbath-school service, and is ready for another. You see, we Americans believe in things solid!

At the beginning of our ancestral investigations some one mentioned a supposition that there is a strain of royal blood in the Urie stock. Behold how we proceeded to plume at the discovery at last of what was the matter with us. Perish the thought of it being only a supposition or of the royalty being that of king of some petty, thievish tribe of ancient Gaul! But alas how the plumes dropped when Mrs. McIlhinney, better informed on the subject than any of the rest of us, wrote that she had

never heard of the royalty, and gave convincing proof from her European travels that the ancestral stock was wholly a peasant one. Like the Irishman in the well-known story, it was weel eneuch we had our laugh at forst, for if not thin we wouldn't have had it at all, at all.

APPENDIX E—THE WALLACES.

Our ancestral association with the Wallaces extends, as we have seen, away back of our closer kinship therewith through aunt Jane's marriage to John Wallace, son of her father's half sister. And our obligation to them is as ancient as our association. Moreover, the name is a rich one. Of course, there are Wallaces and Wallaces, but the name Wallace, prominent in so many high places, is as apt to mean something worth while as any we know. To our surprise, the name is not Norman, as supposed, but Welch and Celtic. It is traced away back through legionary modifications of name to Elmerus Galeius, Welchman of the eleventh century, ancestor by a few generations of Sir William Wallace. And some think that a much more remote ancestor was Galgacus, a Caledonian chieftain of the first century A. D. The change from the guttural Galgacus to the smooth Wallace name need surprise no one, for such elimination of gutturals is evident in the development of all speech and is still progressing. Our kinsman's more immediate ancestry reaches back through a clearly defined line to the later Cromwell era, when a Wallace came from Scotland, as a soldier of William of Orange, to Ireland, fighting in the battle of the Boyne and receiving grant of lands in Granshaw, County Down. The

Wallace brothers, including David, who was so intimately associated with our ancestor, John McClenahan, were great-grandsons to the above, a John and William intervening. Of the history of those brothers and their posterity, the following, taken down from the lips of uncle Robert McClenahan at his extreme old age, will give something of a glimpse and outline—only that. It is understood that an adequate Wallace history is contemplated.

Of the contemporaries and probable neighbors of grandfather McClenahan in Ireland were four Wallace brothers, viz.: John, Samuel, David and Rev. William. Of these, all, except Rev. William, a notably good minister, came to this country in the last decade of the century before last, soon after our War of Independence, and settled first in the Robinson's Run region of western Pennsylvania.

John was grandfather of Rev. Dr. A. G. Wallace, widely known.

Samuel married Eleanor McClenahan, half sister of grandfather McClenahan. Their children were: David, died young; William, father of the second Mrs. Rev. Dr. Doig; Mary, married to a brother of the late Rev. Dr. S. Wilson, of Xenia, O., father of Rev. W. H. Wilson, formerly of Washington, Ia.; Eleanor; John, minister, died young in Indiana; Samuel, father-in-law of the late Rev. J. W. McFarland; James, died a bachelor; Andrew, died a young doctor.

David married Margaret ("Peggy") Carson, maternal half-sister of grandfather. Their children were: Mary, invalid; Rev. William, D. D., long time able and beloved minister at Wheeling; John, married aunt Jane, his half-

cousin; David, father of Judge Ross Wallace, Mrs. Rev. S. W. Lorimer and others; Nancy, who married Andrew Paul and thus was mother of the late Rev. Dr. David Paul and others; Eliza, who married John Lemon and thus was mother, among others, of the first wife of the late Rev. Dr. William Johnston. Married, as second wife, Jane Alexander, teacher, whose children were: Thomas, died in Iowa; Peggy Ann, single; Rev. Samuel, prominent minister, who died in '69; James, farmer, died young; Robert, long infirm. Married, as third wife, Betsy Baldrige; childless.

APPENDIX F—THE RACE OR RACES REPRESENTED.

A review of the foregoing suggests that the blood mainly represented, not only by direct descent but by marriage, is not Anglo-Saxon, unless that word is used in its broadest possible sense, but Celtic. The Wallace name, which I had supposed to be Norman, proves to be Welch, which mainly is Celtic. Urie is a French Huguenot name, but there is a large mixture of Celtic blood in France, and, anyhow, the Uries by generations of marriage with the Presbyterians of Ireland, had become largely Celtic. And subsequent marriages, with very few exceptions, have been with the same stock. Our Scotch-Irish have nearly always married Scotch or Scotch-Irish, none of the English puritan stock until quite recently, no Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, and a very few representatives of that splendid race, the German. The prominence of the Celtic strain is attested by the large admixture of the sandy in com-

plexion. The singularly large number of red heads among us suggests the "red-haired Gael." The Celtic Union, with its diggings in old records and ruins, in opening up the unwritten history of that unpolished but striking race, great of lung and limb, battle and song, myth and old romance, so widely spread, so ancient, and with such marked prepotent individuality, may well interest us deeply.

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ANNA MARGARET (ANDERSON) FISHER.

Postscript

Since the sending of manuscript to press last February, there has been a succession of delays, constant, widely various, vexatious except that we shouldn't permit anything to be vexatious, and unavoidable. The first and most prominent came from a mistake made in cost estimate by publishers, to whom MS. was first sent. The mistake was promptly and very honorably acknowledged when discovered, but it eventually led to change in publishers and in whole publishing arrangement, the new arrangement being made through our Mr. Great-heart cousin, Prof. D. A. McClenahan, of Pittsburgh. Not wishing the book to be a back number from the start, a postscript is necessary to bring main tribal events to date. Some added comments also seem called for.

Three deaths constitute the most prominent of those events. Col. John McClenahan died at Manhattan, Ills., at the home of his physician daughter, Mrs. E. L. Wilson, where the aging couple were stopping for the time, instead of at their own home a few blocks away, April 15, a little after midnight, and thus just after one of the patriotic memorial days in the month specially abounding in such days. Had suffered one stroke of apoplexy, but had recovered, and his death came from pneumonia.

He lies in Elmhurst Cemetery, Joliet. His going leaves only three survivors of our patriarch's eleven grandson soldiers of the Civil War. David M. Anderson, unmarried, long citizen of the Spokane region, came in last illness to home of his three sisters, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where, April 30, Bright's disease took him. Buried in family lot in Washington, Iowa, Cemetery. Three weeks later, May 21, one of the three sisters, Mrs. Anna Anderson Fisher, was taken by the same disease. Buried at same place. Thus of the nine children in that family not one of whom died before about noontide in life, three passed away within nine months of each other, all of them, beside two brothers preceding and a brother-in-law, by Bright's disease. Both David and Anna passed away, as they might have chosen, on the quiet of the Sabbath. Only two of the large family now survive. It is curious to note here that of the first four patriarchal families—the Jane, Robert, Nancy and Ellen families—originally numbering respectively 12, 8, 7, 9, two survive in each. Of the other two families, those of James and David, originally numbering 9 and 4, five survive in the one and one in the other. Of the whole generation the survivors number in the proportion of two to seven.

Of the three recently deceased, Col. McClenahan was the most prominent, but from the view point of the book's genesis and advancement Mrs. Fisher is entitled to special mention. She first proposed to me, orally and then by letter, my making of some sort of write-up of the McClenahan ancestry, and when, after my supposedly successful effort to get a cousin at the work, it lay dormant for some time, she stirred it up again, freely offering to finance it. She was set on knowing more than

heretofore about both her Anderson and McClenahan ancestry. Quiet in her work, deep in her Christian thought and experience, bearing in silence the great trial that came to her in the taking away of devoted young Rev. Junius Fisher after a very few months of specially happy married life, she gave herself with fine ideal and effort to high school and church work till, almost at life's close, weakness compelled rest. The thousand former high school pupils who crowded a great auditorium testified, in rare beauty of speech and varied tributes, the homage in which she was held. Cedar Rapids is forever richer by reason of the two of our folk, who have gone by final promotion from long-time service in the same high school, honored by a splendid city's love, Miss Mary McClenahan whom cancer took over eleven years ago and Mrs. Anna M. Anderson Fisher. It should be added that in view of losses and expenses mainly connected with her decline, I expressly and seasonably released her, without a hint from her or from any one, from all thought of financial obligation for the book, and many years of close friendship accenuate the call of reason to place in picture at the head of this postscript the primal and persistent mover in the enterprise. It is painful to think of how many, seven, of the grandchildren of our patriarchal couple have passed away, since the project began, without the longed-for opportunity of reading the plain record of the olden time.

Over against these three deaths there have been in the same interval three arrivals in camp, viz.: John Paul, Feb. 25, at the Gary, Ind., parsonage of Rev. and Mrs. John W. McClenahan; William James, born July

19 to Robert U. and Mrs. Blackwood, Idana R. D., Kans, and Timothy Graham, born July 23, to Aaron W. and Inez McC. Miner, of Locust Grove farm, Adair, Ills. The arrival of these three boys needn't alarm us with the thought that this dry year can produce mere boys alone, or that it prophecies a war in a score of years, normal time for next war, for the first birth of the year, at home of Leo and Mabel Manwarren, near Idana, Kans., as reported in our tables, was of a girl. All four births of the year have been in the Uncle Robert tribe of our Israel. Meanwhile we have learned of a previously unreported birth to the credit of last year, viz.: the non-surviving twin of Richard Gardner born to Wm. H. and Mrs. Turnbull, of Chicago, in the summer of '10. Thus the corrected birth-and-death record for last year was four of the former and seven of the latter. This makes 13 pairs of twins to the credit of the John McClenahan folk. Added to the fact of 13 children born to our first parents—O don't you already feel your hair on end and the shivers climb your back in fearful foreboding. There was also one marriage, that of Thos. Arthur Blackwood, of the twin boys, of Idana R. D., Kansas, June 14, by Rev. O. F. Thompson, to Miss Emma J. Woodside, a neighbor and advanced high school student, born Superior, Nebr., Dec. 16, '89.

There have also been changes. Capt. Chas. S. Wallace, of the signal corps regular army, liable in such office to frequent flittings, reports at last word from Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, N. Y. harbor, instead of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Prof. R. S. McClenahan has been advanced from vice-president to president of Asiut College, Egypt, with its more than eight hundred stu-

dents, largest institution in numbers in U. P. Church. His brother, Prof. Francis M. McClenahan, who came last year from a chair in Maryville College, Tenn., to one in his alma mater, Tarkio College, Mo., has returned to his old place in the chemistry department of Maryville College with the likelihood of permanence. Mrs. Martha McClenahan and family have returned from Topeka to Monmouth, Ill. The twin boys of Wm. F. McClenahan, Miltonvale R. D., Kans., John S. and Robt. U., after graduating with honors in June in their county high school, have gone, with true McClenahan instinct, to teaching, beginning in country schools. Harry C. Shipley has moved from Indianapolis to New Castle, Ind. James H. McClenahan, long the sole representative of our ancestry near the old sod, is orchardist on Caldwell R. D., near Nampa, Idaho. Other changes are unimportant.

In this connection let it be added that there are still two surviving nieces of grandmother, Mrs. Bernice B. McIlhinney, Germantown, Pa., past fourscore, but able yet for fine letter writing; and her cousin, Mrs. Susannah (Garrett) Hammond, of Ireland, nearly 96, heroine of our psalm-repeating story, who, tho' nearly blind, recently wrote or "groped," as she phrased it, a letter to her cousin.

In the interval named, the diminishing birth rate to which we have referred has continued to draw increasingly public attention, especially in the light of census figures frequently appearing. For a single example, a leading Iowa paper twits amusingly a neighboring fine town of 3,500 for its record of 15 births in a year, and concludes by confessing the same conditions at home.

Among our folk last year and thus far this year, the births have been eight, deaths ten. Last year, however, the number of deaths, seven, as against four births was exceptional and may not be reached soon again, and the grouping of nearly five years, beginning with '07, may be fairer. In this period the births have been 21, deaths 15. The latter includes three who married into the kinship. If we knew enough in the case to count all deaths during this time on any other antecedent lines of any of our folk as well as the McClenahan line, which would be the correct count, it is likely the deaths would exceed the births. Along with this is a related class of facts. Taking fourscore as an honor line in age, both of our immigrant pair passed it—81 and 88. Of the 13 children born to them, nine reaching maturity, three passed the honor line with wide margin—89, 92, 86. Of the 49 grandchildren born, 35 of whom have died, only one, Mrs. Mary A. Wallace Henderson, has reached it, with only a few weeks to spare, and only five have reached and one is reaching threescore and ten, while of the 14 survivors the oldest, an invalid, is just reaching 71. This has an uncanny look.

And the case is not at all exceptional. How many of you or your neighbors, my readers, can tell of ancestors reaching, say, around 90 years, while of your present generations few have attained to 75. A curious illustration on this line is furnished by the U. S. presidency. Of our first six presidents—J. Q. Adams the last of the six—four passed, mainly with a good margin, the fourscore honor line, one almost reaching 91. Not one of the twenty since has reached that line. The average of the first six was 80 plus. Of our last six, counting out two

yet living and two assassinated, the average was a shade over 66. Official U. S. figures clearly show, it is true, an increased and increasing average age and a diminishing average death rate, but this as already mentioned is owing mainly to the very large decrease in germ-disease ravages. The decline is at the top.

If this was simply a cutting off at the top, preceded by unabated vigor till the top was reached, there might well be little concern. Topping is good for some things. But is it so preceded? When cousin Mary Wallace Henderson, in one of her letters of beautiful simplicity, after mention of cases of weakness and operations in her descendant households, added that people are getting weaker all the time, I at first thought it only a good old lady's fancy. But subsequent investigation, among our own folk and others, gives me pause.

Here the birth-rate question finds place. Allowing that, as claimed by savants, the reduced birth-rate is partly volitional, mainly so in many circles, yet not a little of it can be accounted for on the basis of lowered vitality. The tables of figures, relating to certain limited but typical sections of the U. S., in a bulletin issued by our Dept. of Commerce and Labor, "The Fecundity of Immigrant Women," tho' based not on the recent census, but on that of 1900, are very suggestive. They reveal clearly that, as compared with our average immigrant mother, our average American mother declines much more rapidly in the frequency of births, and the reproductive period terminates much earlier. It looks as if not only life as a whole is shorter, but the various sexual sections thereof, like those pertaining to say the teeth and eyes, are more decadent and shorter. Among our own

folk there is not likely one in our present womanhood who has vitality sufficient to half match the family career of say grandmother and Aunt Jane with their birth record of remarkable evenness and long continuance joined to record of wondrous strength through long life, as given in our pages. To attempt it would be death. Mankind, prominently our American part of it, does more in life than ever before, but it is at the hazard of race exhaustion, of which, prominently in nerve maladies, we are having so many warning signals. It is time that we enlarge our temperance movement, heretofore confined too exclusively to the one important matter of drink, to include among other things this matter of overstrain as against the conservation of human vitality. Better moderate our pace, even at the risk of lowered records in wealth, scholarship, or even of high service. For American life, however abstinent in drink, cannot stand its present pace.

Manhattan, Kans., Sept., '11.

Later. When almost too late we learn from a typewritten record of the Wherrys, once numerous in the Fairview region, prepared by John H. Wherry, of Guernsey, Iowa, that Fairview was laid out March 5, 1814, by Hugh Gilleland, and the national turnpike was built through the village in 1826. This supplies in our history a missing link mentioned on page 19. From the same record we learn that Guernsey County and Oxford Township, in which the village is located, were organized in 1810, the latter name likely given by a Wherry in memory of his former place in eastern Pennsylvania. Also that the famous "old clay pike," known also as the

Wheeling road, and earlier as Zane terrace, which furnished a location for the village, was blazed at a very early date from Wheeling to Zanesville by Ebenezer Zane, after whom both Zanesville and the road were named. The splendid turnpike built later followed mainly this road.

57
8.1/55

